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DARIUS GREEN

HINE

Comedy-Drama

IN FOUR ACTS

WRITTEN BY

DAVID K. HIGGINS AND MRS. DAVID K. HIGGINS

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ACT I.

Scene—Exterior of a Farm House in an Adirondack Village. Time, Forenoon. Period, The Present.

Fire-crackers exploding in barrel. Dodge discovered.

Dodge—Hooray!

Miss B.—Dodge!

Dodge—Hooray for the Fourth!

Miss B.—Dodge Hutchins!

Dodge—Hooray for me!

Miss B.—You hooray along with that pail of water. (Bus. with barrel. Cracker explodes. Bus.) Ah! Burnt your fingers. Good enough for you, foolin' with them fire-crackers. Go down cellar and work that ice cream freezer now, and don't you stick your fingers in the cream to cool 'em off, neither.

Dodge—Huh! (Bus.) Doctor! (Exit.)

Enter Dr. Doolittle.

Miss B.—Why, good-morning, Dr. Doolittle.

Dr.—Good-morning, Miss Bassett; the Glorious Fourth has dawned beautifully.

Miss B.—Didn't have time to look at the dawn this morning. I've had all I could do to get the lunch ready. Goin' to the picnic?

Dr.—Yes, I thought I'd come over and go with the crowd.

Miss B. (exit and speaks from house)—Another second and that blueberry pie'd a been burnt black. (Dr. sits on chair where Dodge spilt water.)

Dodge (enters)—Better not sit down there, Doc.

Dr.—Why not?

Dodge—Spilt water on that chair.

Dr. (jumps up)—Why didn't you say so?

Dodge—Did.

Dr.—My new duck pants!

Dodge—Water rolls off a duck. (Bus.) Minister!

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Emmons.

Mr. E.—Morning, Miss Bassett! This is what I call a day for a Fourth of July picnic.

Mrs. E.—Yes, if it don't come up a thunder shower an' drench us afore we get home. It's gettin' awful hot.

Miss B.—Come right up on the porch, Mis' Emmons; it's nice an' cool here.

Mr. E.—Cool enough for me right out here. There's a fine breeze blowing.

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Mrs. E.—I don't know, settin' in drafts is liable to bring on neuraligy.

Miss B.—Didn't your niece come last night?

Mrs. E.—Oh, yes; she come up from the city on the evening train.

Miss B.—Ain't she comin' to the picnic?

Mrs. E.—She come over with us, but she's got a dog—
(Bus. Mr. Emmons rehearsing oration.)

Miss B.—A dog?

Mrs. E.—It ran away after some chickens just as we got out of the buggy, and Amy ran after it.

Dr.—Good-morning, Mrs. Emmons. Good-morning, Mister—

Mrs. E.—Don't interrupt him, doctor. He's goin' over his oration.

Dr.—Well, how are you?

Mrs. E.—Well as I can expect, I 'spose. I ain't got rid of that pain round my heart yit.

Dr.—What did you have for breakfast?

Mrs. E.—Coffee, ham, an' fried eggs, johnny cakes, an' a few buckwheats an' fried cakes.

Dr.—Fine spread for a dyspeptic.

Mrs. E.—Now, doctor, it ain't my stomach, it's my heart.

Dr.—It's your stomach, and it will be your stomach till you stop eating fried ham and fried cakes.

Mrs. E.—Why, doctor, Enos wouldn't think it was breakfast without fried cakes.

Dr.—Well, let Enos eat them.

Mrs. E.—If Enos eats fried cakes, I shall eat fried cakes; if Enos eat fried ham, I shall eat fried ham; his breakfast is my breakfast.

Bus. Enter Amy. Exchange of greetings between Doctor and Mr. E.

Amy—Come along Trumpet, you naughty boy. You're always running away from me. Bad Trumpet.

Mr. E.—You remember Miss Bassett, Amy—this is my niece. (Bus.)

Amy.—How do you do, Miss Bassett.

Miss B.—Pretty well, thank you—I haven't seen you since you was a little girl—ain't much bigger'n a pint cup now.

Mrs. E.—She's stout an' healthy, an' that's more'n many of us can say.

Mr. E.—Dr. Doolittle, my niece—Miss Robinson.

Dr.—I'm delighted to meet you, Miss Robinson.

Amy—The pleasure is mutual.

Dr.—This is not your first visit to Stony Creek?

Amy—Oh, no. Isn't he lovely? Look out, he'll bite; he hates men. Naughty Trumpet!

Dr.—Why do you call him Trumpet?

Amy—Because when he's mad he trumpets like an elephant.

Mr. E.—Grunts like a pig!

Amy—Now, Uncle Enos, he isn't a pig, he's a pug, and the dearest old pugsie. There, he's lost his new collar. (Exit quick.)

Miss B.—Well, doctor, why don't you go help her look for it?

Dr.—Well, I don't know but I will. (Exit quick.)

Miss B.—Just got in town this morning and she's got the doctor hooked already.

Mr. E.—Where's Darius?

Miss B.—Gone down to the store in his new wagon.

Mrs. E.—Didn't know Darius had a new wagon.

Miss B.—Didn't ye hear about his new invention?

Mr. E.—The one he was tellin' me of?

Miss B.—Yes—I guess—calls it his flyin' machine.

Mrs. E.—La, me!—a real flyin' machine?

Miss B.—Not one with wings, tho' this one does 'pear to go like the wind.

Mr. E.—It's one of these horseless kerridges, Marthy, Darius has rigged up.

Mrs. E.—Oh! One o' them auto-mobils.

Enter Dodge.

Dodge—Cream's froze. Hooray! Here comes Darius with the flags and fireworks.

Enter Darius and Roy on machine.

Darius—Whoa! Whoa! Mornin' everybody.

Enos and others—Mornin' Darius! How's the flyin' machine?

Darius—The swiftest pony that ever trotted down the hill.

Enos—Will he trot up the hill?

Darius—You bet.

Enos—What time can you make?

Darius—How fast did we go, Roy?

Roy—Like the old Harry!

Enos—You'd ought to realize big profits on that invention.

Darius—Yes, if somebody else ain't in ahead of me on the patent.

Miss B.—Well, he's spent enough money building it.

Darius—Well, I'll have lots of fun with it anyhow. (Bus.) Here, Dodge, catch 'em. Fire-crackers, giant crackers, pin-

wheels, flower-pots, nigger-chasers, Roming-candles, sky-rockets; put 'em all in that box, and here, look out for this, it's a bomb-shell. Don't drop it; might go off an' blow you to kingdom come. (Dodge stumbles on porch.) There! keep your seats, ladies, the danger's past. More fire-crackers, torpedoes for the ladies. (Scream from Mrs. Emmons. Mr. E. leads Mrs. E. into house.) Here's a flag for every girl, and a tin horn for every boy in town. Now, if the American Eagle don't scream in Stony Creek to-day it won't be the fault of D. Green & Co.

Miss B.—Darius Green, be you goin' crazy?

Darius—No, ma'am, I've arrived!

Miss B.—A pretty penny you've squandered on them gimcracks.

Darius—Fourth of July only comes once a year.

Miss B.—Come clear from New York by express, too. What did it all cost?

Darius—Money.

Miss B.—Oh, yes, I know, I needn't to ask. It's none o' my business. It's your money you're spending.

Darius—Dodge, you go down to my work-shop an' get that flag-pole. Don't you stop to fool with my tools or any of my fixin's, you're liable to run against a can o' dynamite an' blow the whole top of your tow head off. (Bus. of Roy with toy pistol.)

Dodge—Won't fool with nothin'.—(Exit.)

Darius—What you doin' there, Roy?

Roy—Shootin' Spaniards.

Darius—Roy, you run up stairs an' see if your sister's got that flag ready. (Exit Roy.)

Miss B.—Well, she ought to have it ready, she's been at it all the morning. 'Spose she's spent most o' the time primpin' and frilling, while I've been slavin' alone in the kitchen.

Darius—Well, Evelyn ain't been brought up to hard work, she's a young lady—she's—

Miss B.—She's what? She's what? Go ahead and say it. She's fer the parlor an' I'm fer the kitchen—huh!—(Exit.)

Darius—Go it ole fire-cracker, Fourth of July only comes once't a summer.

Lem Yarrington and Alan Woodford enter, opposite sides, remain up stage.

Lem—Mornin' Alan, been takin' a walk 'cross the pasture?

Woodford—Yes.

Lem—Didn't I tell you right?

Woodford—Perhaps.

Lem—You know it. There's marble there—tons of marble.

Woodford—That remains to be seen.

Lem—Well, there's enough to speculate on.

Woodford—I wonder Darius never discovered it.

Lem—Oh! his head's in the clouds, dreamin' over his invention.

Woodford—Do you think he'd sell?

Lem—For money enough.

Woodford—I mean sell cheap.

Lem—Try him. (Bus. Come down.) Howdy do, Darius Green?

Darius—Howdy, Lem Yarrington?

Lem—How's tricks?

Darius—Takin' 'em right along.

Woodford—Good-mornin, Darius.

Darius—Fine mornin', Mr. Woodford.

Lem—What you got here Dari? Baby carriage?

Darius—Yep. Want to ride?

Lem—Ain't you cunning?

Darius—Keep myself laughin' all the time.

Woodford—An automobile! Well, well! Built it yourself?

Darius—Yep.

Woodford—Will it go?

Darius—Up hill and down dale. Beat any old mule in town.

Lem—How does it work, Dari?

Darius—'Lectricity. How do you 'spose?

Lem—Didn't know but you might run it with gas. What you goin' to do with it?

Darius—Goin' to play with it, an' if I get my patents out, put it on the market. Want to go in on it, Mr. Woodford?

Woodford—I don't know. I'm afraid there are too many automobiles on the market now.

Darius—Yes, but there's a trick in this machine.

Woodford—Ah! what is it?

Darius—That's tellin', says the clam, and then he shut up. (To Yarrington.) Look out there! foolin' with that battery—you'll git 'lectrocuted afore your time.

Woodford—It's a little out of my line. I shouldn't be surprised if you had a good thing, tho'. Of course, you'll need money to swing it?

Darius—That's what I'm lookin' for, the coin.

Woodford—I should think you might turn some of your land into coin.

Darius—What, sell my farm?

Woodford—Yes, you don't work it for what it's worth.

Darius—But this was my father's land.

Woodford—Your father was a thrifty man, he made it pay.

Darius—And my grandfather's land. It's always been in our family. I couldn't part with it no way. How much will you give for it?

Woodford (laughs)—Well, I'll take the 20 acres of woodland and pasture,—I don't want the house nor the meadow—for \$400.

Darius—N^o, you won't.

Woodford—\$450.

Darius—Can't see you.

Woodford—\$475.

Darius—Blind as a bat.

Woodford—\$500.

Darius—Come round on the other side, I can't hear out o' this ear.

Lem—That's more'n it's worth.

Darius—I ain't doing business with your boss's hired man.

Woodford—No nonsense, now, \$600, and that's the limit.

Darius—That's a big offer, Alan.

Woodford—Liberal offer, Darius.

Darius (closes knife)—Well, Alan—I won't take it. You can't buy my land for any price.

Woodford—Why not?

Darius—Ain't you got enough now? You own the saw-mill, the tannery, and with your mortgaging, an' money lendin', an' reachin' out an' gatherin' in you've come to own the best part of the land in Stony Creek. You want the whole town. You want the earth. (Dodge brings on flag pole.) No, sir; you know my politics; I'm agin' monopolies an' down on monopoliers. Anyhow, it's the Fourth, and I never do business on holidays.

Woodford—Very well, I'll call again.

Darius—Come in any time.

Lem (disgusted)—Wal, the fools ain't all dead.

Darius—No, Lem, you still hang on.

Woodford—Yarrington, I wish you'd put the roan colt into the phaeton and drive her up here for me. I believe I'll go to the picnic. (Exit Lem.)

Enter Miss B.

Mr. Woodford—Good-morning, Miss Bassett.

Miss B.—Why, Mr. Woodford, how do you do?

Woodford—Is Miss Blair in?

Miss B.—She'll be down right away. Won't you step into the parlor? (Exeunt Woodford and Bedalia.)

Enter Dodge, crossing stage.

Darius—What's he want o' Miss Blair?

Dodge—Mashed on her. (Exit house.)

Darius (Bus., picks up dog collar)—Hullo! What in nation—feminine gender, singular number—(Bus., tries on wrist)—too big fer that. (Bus.) Oh!

Enter Amy, sees Darius with dog collar, comes down quickly, eagerly, glad to find it.

Amy—Oh! there it is, Trumpet. I beg pardon, sir, but that's mine.

Darius—All right, tain't mine. (Gives it to her.)

Amy—Thanks, awfully! I was so afraid it was lost.

Darius—Just picked it up—there—

Amy—Thank you so much.

Darius—Don't mention it.

Amy—I think a good deal of this.

Darius—Shouldn't wonder.

Amy—You see, there's only one like it.

Darius—Only one—what became of the other?

Amy—There never was any other—only just this one.

Darius—Only one—that's tough—lost the other in some railroad smash-up likely.

Amy—There isn't any other, I tell you; this one was made to order and there isn't a single duplicate anywhere.

Darius (aside)—Poor girl, wonder which one is cork.

Amy—When you only have one, and that such a pet, you like to have everything as pretty as possible.

Darius—'Course, if you've only got one it's bound to be a good deal of a treasure. I'm luckier than you, Miss, I've got two.

Amy—Two? What kind? Big ones?

Darius—Well, they ain't no great shakes.

Amy—I have a friend who has eleven.

Darius—She must be a spider—

Amy—Spider?

Darius—Beg yer pardon, Miss, but was you alludin' to—

Amy—Trumpet, my pug. (Bus.)

Darius—Oh! your dog.

Amy—Yes, isn't he a darling? Now, Trumpet, let me put on your collar.

Darius—Oh! It's his collar.

Amy—Of course; you didn't suppose it was mine, did you?

Darius—Wal, it's so blamed pretty, didn't know but it might be your—bracelet.

Amy (suddenly)—Say, don't I know you?

Darius—Don't know; most everybody does.

Amy—You're Darius Green.

Darius—The money's your'n.

Amy—Don't you remember me? Mr. Emmons' niece—Amy Robinson?

Darius—Amy—Rob—little Amy—Rob—in—son—'course (Bus.) Might a known it. (Bus.) My! how you have changed. Last time you was at Stony Creek you was a little girl in short dresses—an' you certainly was as handsome as a wax doll. Well, well, how you have changed. (Bus.) I mean growed; growed, improved. Remember how I used to beau you around? I was about seventeen then; lanky, tow-headed, freckled—just two freckles, one on each side of my face. My, but I was homely; I haven't changed much, have I?

Amy—Oh, my, yes, a good deal.

Darius—Yes, I lost my freckles.

Amy (laughs)—Say, you make a hit with me.

Darius—You knock me out.

Enter Doctor.

Amy—I've found it, doctor.

Dr. (coming down)—Oh, did you?

Darius—Mornin' doc.

Dr.—Good-morning, Darius.

Amy—Now, where's Evelyn? I'm crazy to see her.

Darius—Evelyn? Do you know her?

Amy—Do I know Evelyn Blair—well, I guess I do—we're old schoolmates.

Darius—Want to know; there she is now, talkin' to Mr. Woodford; she's comin' out.

Enter Evelyn with flag.

Evelyn—Here's the flag, Darius. (Bus.)

Darius—It's a beauty; you kin make the prettiest things. Oh! I want to introduce you to an old friend.

Roy enters—remains on porch.

Evelyn—Amy!

Amy (Bus.)—Evelyn! Hold my dog. (Puts dog in doctor's hands. Embraces Evelyn.)

Evelyn—Oh! Amy, Amy! (Bus.)

Darius—Funny how girls will hug and kiss each other just as if there wasn't a man on the place! (Go up.)

Amy—Now, I want to know why you never wrote me one single line.

Evelyn—Why, I did write to you, twice—long letters.

Amy—I never got them.

Evelyn—Never mind, since I've found you again. It

was only yesterday, when Mrs. Emmons was talking about her niece, that I found out that her Amy and my Amy were the same person. (Rapturous embrace.)

Darius—There, they're at it agin.

Amy—Now tell me everything. How did you ever happen to come here?

Evelyn—After father failed he lost his health, and we came here hoping the mountain air would help him, but it was too late; he died a year ago last winter.

Amy—Poor Evelyn.

Evelyn—Oh, Amy, it was so hard! Mother gone, and then to lose him too.

Amy—And you've been here ever since? (Roy comes up.)

Evelyn—We had nowhere else to go. Roy, this is Amy. (Bus.) (Roy takes off dog.)

Amy—He's a dear little fellow.

Evelyn—Isn't he?

Amy—Are they good to you here?

Evelyn—Darius is more than good. Roy simply idolizes him.

Amy—Darius is a relative of yours, isn't he?

Evelyn—We haven't the least claim upon him, and I know Miss Bassett would like to have us go, but Darius won't hear of it—says it's our home now—and he's so fond of Roy.

Amy—How about Roy's sister?

Evelyn—Oh, always looking for a love affair. Oh, Amy, to think you're going to be here for months! How did your mother ever come to go to Europe without you?

Amy—Mamma wanted to take me, but papa wouldn't have it. He said if I went she wouldn't have time for anything or anybody but me.

Evelyn—Amy, I'm afraid you are—

Amy—I'm *not* a flirt, but papa says I am, and mamma fairly sleeps with one eye open for fear some horrid man'll steal me. So she just bundled me off to Uncle Enos, and here I stay till she gets back to New York.

Evelyn—And in the meantime you'll do your best to surprise her by losing your heart up here—in the hay fields.

Amy (goes up suddenly)—Oh! I forgot my dog! Where's my dog?

Enter Bedalia quick to Evelyn.

Miss B.—Evelyn Blair, you'd ought to be ashamed of yourself—ashamed of yourself—you've treated him like a tramp.

Evelyn—Treated who?

Miss B.—Why, Mr. Woodford. Left him standin' there alone in the hall.

Evelyn—Well, nobody will run away with him I guess.

Miss B.—Well, he might run away.

Evelyn—He has my permission.

Miss B.—He's gone into the parlor. Like as not he's come to invite you to ride over to the picnic in his buggy.

Evelyn—He didn't invite me.

Miss B.—You didn't give him time.

Evelyn—I shouldn't ride with him anyway.

Miss B.—Why wouldn't you?

Evelyn—I'm going to ride in the carryall with the crowd.

Miss B.—You'd ought to feel flattered to have him notice you at all. Alan Woodford's the richest man in the county.

Evelyn—I'm not interested in Mr. Woodford's money.

Miss B.—An' the handsomest man too.

Evelyn—Well, Aunt Bedalia, if you're so fond of Mr. Woodford, why don't you go entertain him yourself?

Miss B.—Humph! (Bus. Exit house.) (Darius comes down.)

Darius—What's up? Sarah cuttin' some new curves?

Evelyn—She didn't like it because I left Mr. Woodford standing alone in the hall.

Darius—Poor little feller! Pity 'bout him. Who's Alan Woodford, I'd like to know?

Evelyn—Aunt Sarah says he's the richest and handsomest man in town.

Darius—Well, he may be the richest, but handsomest—Where's Darius Green?

Evelyn (laughs)—That's what I think. But that necktie isn't becoming. (Bus., takes out tie.)

Darius—Oh! A new one! For me?

Evelyn—For you? Did you think I had forgotten your birthday?

Darius—That's a wonder; tie it on for me, will you? (Bus.) Say, Evelyn, don't you ever let Sarah worry you into marryin' anybody you don't like.

Evelyn—I shall never marry any man I don't love.

Darius—Neither'll I, an' if I ever do think o' gettin' married, I'll come an' tell you the first one.

Evelyn—Before you tell the girl you love?

Darius—Dunno 'bout that. (Laughs.) Say, you an' Roy are happy here, ain't ye?

Evelyn—Very happy.

Darius—Well, you just go on bein' happy, an' don't you

ever think o' marryin' or goin' away, unless you want to. (Bus.) Who's the handsomest man in Stony Creek now?

Roy—You are.

Enter Dodge on porch.

Dodge—No, I be.

Darius—You're a heart-breaker!

Dr. (refers to automobile)—So the flying machine flies?

Darius—Swiftest thing goin'.

Amy—Mr. Darius Green, you're a great genius.

Roy—What's a genius?

Evelyn—A genius is a man who can do—everything.

Enter Sarah on porch.

Miss B.—Everything but work.

Evelyn—I'm sure Darius works hard.

Miss B—Doin' nothing.

Dodge—Love that kind o' work.

Evelyn—Darius is going to invent wonderful things some day.

Darius—Hope to. Hope to build a flyin' machine some day that'll sail thro' the blue ethereal like a bird.

Dr.—Do you seriously believe that we'll ever fly?

Miss B.—Not till we're angels.

Darius—Some of us won't never fly. Yes, sir, I believe the day is comin' when aerial navigation will be easy as railroadin'.

Miss B.—You'll go crazy yet, Darius. His father like to went luny over perpetual motion.

Darius—Say, you remember the poem 'bout Darius Green an' his flyin' machine—there was one o' them elocutionist fellers 'long here onc't recited it up at the schoolhouse, an' ever since then the boys always called me "Flyin' Machine." You remember the poem tells how a country boy named Darius Green, tried to build a flyin' machine—course you've read it hundred times. Do you know there was always something attractive to me about the character of Darius—not because he was a namesake of mine, an' a kind of a darn fool, but because he was a feller with a lofty ambition and the nerve to try and live up to it. You remember how he reasons on the subject o' flyin'—Lemme see, it goes:

"The birds can fly an' why can't I?

Must we give in that the blue
bird and the phoebe, are
smarter'n we be?

Jest fold our hands an' see

the swaller an' the black bird
 an' the cat bird, beat us holler?
 You prove 't the bat's got more
 brains than's in my
 hat, an' I'll back down an'
 not till then."

Evelyn Bus. with Roy's eyes.

That's what the original Darius Green said, an' then he went out an' made himself a pair o' wings.

Miss B.—An' spread 'em out to fly an' fell down an' got a good bump.

Darius—Oh! He was a jay; now my idea's scientific.

Amy—Success to you, Darius.

Miss B.—Well! Look out how you light.

Darius—I'll find a soft spot.

Evelyn (to Roy)—Is it out now, dear?

Roy—I guess so.

Evelyn—Doctor, Roy has been troubled again with his eyes, won't you look at them? Come here, Roy. (Roy goes to Evelyn and Doc. Bus. Doctor examines Roy's eyes.)

Miss B.—Oh, fiddlesticks! Doctor, they ain't nothin' the matter with his eyes. He'll get over seein' spots in front of 'em. Bilious, likely.

Dr. (to Evelyn)—I'll bring you a solution to drop into his eyes night and morning.

Evelyn (aside to doctor)—You don't think there's any danger?

Dr.—Don't worry. I'll bring over my instruments to-morrow and make a thorough examination. (Evelyn goes to Amy with Roy. Doctor goes to Darius. Doctor aside to Darius.) He may go blind any day.

Darius—Yer foolin'?

Dr.—I'm in earnest.

Darius—No, Doc, no, he sees all right now—mebbe yer wrong.

Dr.—I hope so.

Darius—Lord, yes—that boy goes blind break his sister's heart. (Doctor goes to Amy. Evelyn comes to Darius.)

Evelyn (to Darius)—What did the doctor tell you.

Darius—No 'mediate danger.

Evelyn—Oh! Darius, if he should go blind.

Darius—Now, now, don't borrow trouble, jest go in and have a jolly time. (Laughter of children outside.)

Darius—Here they come, in gorgeous array—future citizens of our glorius republic. (Children troop in dressed up for picnic.)

Enter Woodford, Miss B., Mrs. and Mr. Emmons on porch.

Darius—Line up now, line up. Before you git into that hay-wagon I want to talk to you a minute. Over in the grove the preachers will deliver a stirrin' oration fer the big folks. I want to speak a piece here fer the boys an' girls.

Boys and girls—Hooray! Hooray! Omnes! Speech! Speech!

Dodge—Spoonch!

Darius—Shut up! Who's doin' this talkin'?

Mr. E.—Take the stump, Darius.

Darius—I never took a stump in my life, but—I don't mind the stump takin' me. (Bus. Gets up on stump.)

Darius—What day is to-day?

Dodge and children—Fourth of July.

Dodge—Hooray!

Darius—The anniversary of the birth of our great republic.

Dodge and children—Hooray!

Darius—Also the birthday anniversary of Darius Green.

Dodge (faintly)—Hooray!

Darius—Thanks! So I stand treat.

Dodge and children—Hooray!

Darius (holds up flag)—What have I here?

Dodge—The American flag.

Darius—Go to the head. (Bus. Dodge goes to head of line.)

Darius—This flag floats from the homes of millions to-day, from churches, school-houses, shops, factories, north, south, east, west, everywhere, and we all love it. This particular beautiful emblem of our liberties and rights was made for the occasion by Miss Blair. Now we want a standard bearer. Will the homeliest girl please step forward. Don't be shy, girls. No? Then will the handsomest boy? (Boys make a rush.) The modesty of the ladies is only surpassed by the frank ingenuousness of the boys. We'll split the difference and give it into the hands of the homeliest boy in town.

Dodge (loud)—Hooray!

Darius (gives Dodge flag)—Dodge, the glory is your'n.

Dodge (faintly)—Hooray!

Darius (Bus.)—And here's a flag fer every girl, and a tin horn fer every boy—pass 'em around. (Bus. giving flags and horns. Bus. reads program.)

“Grand parade, headed by drum corps. Exercises in the grove, patriotic singin', Declaration of Independence, oration by Rev. Dr. Emmons, and other music. Fun for all.

Potato race, egg race, three-legged race, sack race, wheelbarrow race, climbin' the greased pole an' catchin' the greased pig. (Boys blow horns.) Particularly speakin', an' this is my treat to the boys and girls, a lunch; sunthin' goed to eat and drink an' lots of it; pies, mince, apple, pumpkin, blueberry, blackberry, gooseberry, doughnuts, cheese, biscuit, baked beans, pickles, chicken pie, pound cake, fruit cake, sponge cake, seed cakes, ginger cookies, jelly tarts, peach preserves, tomato ketchup, lemonade, an' ice cream. (Boys blow horns.) Horace Hall's waitin' at the meadow gate with hay wagon. Let's start the ball, and don't forget there'll be fire-works from this lawn in the evenin'. (Dodge and children exit, blowing horns, etc.)

Mr. E.—How much did this celebration cost you, Darius?

Miss B.—Not a cent less'n seventy-five dollars.

Omnes—Seventy-five dollars! (Bus. Noise of horns blowing off stage.)

Darius—Well, it's worth it. Hear 'em toot—Fourth of July only comes once't a year. (Exit Darius and Roy. All exit into house except Woodford and Evelyn, who talk apart, and Mr. and Mrs. Emmons, who are on porch preparing to go.)

Mr. E.—Let's adjourn to the parlor, Miss Robinson has consented to sing.

Mrs. E.—I hope she won't sing one o' them French opery songs, they never sound decent to me. (Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Emmons.)

Woodford—Tell me something I can do for you.

Evelyn—There's only one thing in the world I want.

Woodford—What is that? Tell me?

Evelyn—A chance to earn my own living—you smile—but I'm going to do it. I can teach—

Woodford—Painting and embroidery! I'm afraid the field here is limited.

Evelyn—Oh no, no. I want to teach in the little yellow school-house over there.

Woodford—Hard, thankless work, you'll find, and small pay. (Organ music begins in house.)

Evelyn—But I'd be very economical, and as soon as I'd saved a little money I'd go away to some larger place where I could earn more.

Woodford (eagerly)—You want to go away from here?

Evelyn—Oh, no! But I must take care of Roy. I can never do that unless I work, and I must begin.

Woodford—Perhaps I can help you. I'm not on the School Board, but I have some influence.

Evelyn—And you will use it for me? Really? Oh, I can't tell you how I thank you.

Woodford—I'm afraid your talents will be thrown away. I know Stony Creek and Stony Creek people. I've spent most of my existence here, but I've had a glimpse of the City. I'll soon have the money I want and then I'll go there; I've grubbed in this wilderness long enough. Just look forward to what life in this place offers, and then contrast it with years filled with all the pleasures that money will buy—think!

Evelyn—Oh! there! there! Are you trying to make me long for the unattainable, that I may never be satisfied again? For me there is no place on earth so beautiful as Stony Creek to-day—nothing so delightful as a Fourth of July picnic. You are going with us, of course?

Woodford—I came over this morning with no other purpose than to ask you to drive with me in my phaeton.

Evelyn—Oh! I'm so sorry—it seems so ungracious—but I promised to ride with Darius.

Woodford (coldly)—Oh! Don't let me interfere with any previous arrangement. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you during the day. (Bus. He goes up stage. She goes into house. Amy begins to sing in house. Yarrington enters C.)

Woodford—Yarrington, you may have the phaeton if you want it, I believe I'll ride with the crowd.

Lem—Say, Alan.

Woodford—What?

Lem—Marriage is a dangerous thing.

Woodford—How?

Lem—Ticklish job to keep a secret from yer wife.

Woodford—I haven't got a wife yet. (Exit house. Lem goes up C.)

Enter Leila Belle.

Lem—Mornin', Miss Bird, mornin'. La, me! Don't see nobody, do you?

Leila Belle—Nobody much.

Lem—Goin' to the picnic, I wonder—

Leila Belle—Likely.

Lem—Don't want to ride, I 'spose?

Leila Belle—Not with you, sir.

Lem—Who with, I'd like to know.

Leila Belle—Mebbe you'll snoop around and find out. (Song in house.) Who's that? (Bus. Goes to window.)

Lem—Minister's niece from Brooklyn—

Leila Belle—S'pose she calls that singing?

Lem—She ain't got no sich voice as yours.

Leila Belle—Well, I should hope not. She's humbly enough—she and Evelyn Blair'd make a good team.

Lem—Well, I should say—(laughs)—and what that blind idiot, Darius Green, could ever see in Evelyn Blair to give you the go-by for—

Leila Belle—He didn't give me the go-by—I'll have you to know nobody ever hed me to give me the go-by fer anybody.

Lem—'Course not. Darius didn't use to 'scort ye round to all the balls and festivals an' see ye home from meetin' reglar, and drive ye out on Sunday afternoons, Oh no.

Leila Belle—Lem Yarrington, I despise you.

Lem—An' yer stuck on him—ye turn up yer nose at me fer him, but 'twon't do ye no good, you ain't got no more show o' gettin' Darius Green (enter Darius and Roy) than he's got (Bus.) of gettin' Evelyn Blair.

Darius—Lem Yarrington, you—(Bus.)

Lem—What?

Darius—Talk too much. Mornin', Leila Belle.

Leila Belle—Mornin', Darius.

Darius—My, but you're a picture in your new gown.

Leila Belle—Ma said she thought you'd like it. I brought you over a new tie for your birthday.

Darius—My, my, you always did have such remarkable taste.

Leila Belle—Ma said she thought you'd like it! Shall I tie it on for you?

Darius—Thank you, Leila; I appreciate your remembrance, but you see I've got a new one on now—a present.

Lem—From his other girl, ha! ha! ha!

Darius—You here yet, ma gossip?

Leila Belle—If you want it, wear it.

Darius—I can't to-day, Leila, you see.

Leila Belle—Yes, I see—Mr. Green— (Bus. Snatches it back.) Here, Lem, want a necktie? (Bus. Leila Belle exit.)

Darius—Now, Leila Belle—

Lem (Bus. Puts on tie)—Don't do to trifle with the ladies, Darius. (Bus.)

Darius—There never was anything serious between Leila Belle and me except in her imagination and yours likely, but there's goin' to be something serious between you and me if you ever trifle with Miss Blair's name agin in my hearin'.

Lem—Sho.

Darius—I mean it. She's a young lady—in my house—under my protection—same as a sister, and I won't stand it.

Lem—What'll you do—you—why, I could swallow you with one bite.

Darius—Mouth's big enough.

Lem—I'll talk's much as I please; you can't stop me.

Darius—You can't bully me into a row to-day.

Lem—'Course not. I was only foolin' you, Darius, hed no idea I was tredding on sich a favorite corn.

Darius—What's the matter, Roy, won't it blow?

Roy—No.

Lem—Sympathize with you, Darius, tough to see another feller walkin' off with yer best girl.

Darius (Bus.)—If we only had Lem's mouth now.

Lem—But money's a powerful magnet to the female heart. (Darius blows horn.)

Lem—Say, Darius, Alan Woodford's in the parlor. Poor Darius—ha! ha! ha! Darius Green an' his flyin' machine—ha! ha! ha! (Exit Lem.)

Darius—I'll mow the grass with that feller some day.

Roy—Darius, when you going to shoot off the skyrockets?

Darius—In the evenin'.

Roy—Isn't it pretty near evening now?

Darius—'Tain't noon yet.

Roy—Looks like evening.

Enter Evelyn with Roy's hat.

Evelyn—Roy! Come dear, we're all ready; come and put your new hat on.

Roy (goes to C.—Stops)—Wait till I get my trumpet. (Starts to go back to R. Stops.) Oh!

Evelyn (quickly alarmed)—What is it?

Roy (bewildered)—I can't see—it's so dark—I can't see!

Darius (exclamation.)

Evelyn (goes to him. Bus.)—Can't see! Look at me, Roy. Look at me. It's light again, isn't it—you can see now? (Roy shakes his head.)

Evelyn (crushes him in her arms)—Oh! he is blind! He is blind!

Enter Dr. Doolittle from house.

Darius—No—no. (To doctor.) It's the boy, Doc. He is—he can't see.

Dr. (goes to Evelyn, takes Roy gently away)—Give him to me, Miss Evelyn. Don't be frightened, old fellow, come on into the house. (Takes Roy into house. Evelyn starts to follow.)

Darius—Now, Evelyn, you must calm yourself; you don't want to frighten the poor little feller. (She cries.) Now, now, take heart.

Evelyn—Take heart? Do you realize that he is blind—

think what that means—never to see anything again—the birds and flowers that he loves so much. He's only a baby now, and he may live on for years, and it will always be night to him. Why! Why! should he suffer so? And I—all I wanted in this world was to keep him well and happy. It isn't fair—I had only him to live for and his life is spoiled—he had only me to love him, and he can never see me again. It isn't fair—it isn't fair.

Darius—There must be some help for him.

Evelyn—The doctor told me—there's a great oculist in Boston—he could help him even now. But it's impossible, it would cost a great deal of money.

Darius—Money? Could money get him back his sight? Then don't you worry; I'll sell everything I got, even my flyin' machine.

Evelyn—Oh, I know you would, but you've spent so much now—the picnic to-day, all the things, flags, horns and fire-works, and you did it all for Roy, and now he can't see. Oh, Roy! Roy— (Weeps at porch.)

Darius—How much did the doctor say it would cost?

Evelyn—Three hundred dollars, maybe more.

Darius—What? Is that all—we can raise that easy.

Evelyn—I won't let you sell the place—I won't let you do that.

Darius—Evelyn, the night your father died he put his hand under his pillow an' drew out a roll o' bills. Darius, says he, it's all that's left; use it for Roy an' Evelyn as you see fit; look after 'em and remember what you do for the fatherless 'll be remembered to you. I said I'd stand by ye.

Evelyn (brokenly)—You have—you have.

Darius—He put the money into my hand, and when I unclasped it he was gone.

Evelyn—But our money is all spent, Aunt Sarah says so.

Darius—Sarah says more'n her prayers, there's some of it left. I'll lend ye the balance an' we'll take Roy to Boston to-day.

Evelyn—Oh, Darius, you'll let me pay it back?

Darius—'Course, when you go to teachin' school in the fall.

Evelyn—Yes, yes. I can give you back the money, but I can never, never pay you. (Throws arms round him, kisses him.)

Darius—Interest's paid anyhow. How is it, Doc?

Enter Doctor.

Dr.—There's only one hope, and that's in the operation, and delay in that would be fatal.

Darius—We ain't goin' to delay.

Dr.—He's up in his room.

Evelyn—I'll go to him. (Goes to porch.)

Darius—We'll take that ten-forty train. Just throw a few things into a satchel.

Evelyn—Yes, yes. God bless you, Darius. (Exit Evelyn.)

Darius—Amen!

Dr.—The folks are all on the front porch.

Darius—Good place! Say nothin'. Sarah'll be dancin' around like a hen on a hot gridiron an' Mis' Emmons' heart'll be turnin' flap-jacks. How about that doctor in Boston, give me his address. No, I might forget; go into the parlor an' write it down on a card, an' just give Alan Woodford the wink an' tell him I want to see him—out here, right away. How much do you think it'll cost?

Dr.—The expenses and all—Miss Evelyn will want to be with him?

Darius—'Course. How much?

Dr.—Anywhere from \$300 to \$1,000.

Darius (whistles, takes out money)—Fourteen dollars, seventy-six cents. Wish I hadn't blowed in so much on that darned flyin' machine.

Woodford (entering)—Ah! Darius, do you want to see me?

Darius—Yes. You still in love with that pasture an' woodland, Alan?

Woodford—My affections haven't changed, Darius.

Darius—Well, I don't want to sell it.

Woodford—So you said before.

Darius—But I'll give you a chance to get it.

Woodford—How?

Darius—On a mortgage.

Woodford—I'd prefer to buy.

Darius—Look here, Alan, I'm in a hurry. I want four hundred dollars mighty quick an' darn bad—I want to go to Boston. Oh! darn it—you understand—Roy's gone blind; sister's heart's broke; want to take him to a great doctor there. I don't want to sell, don't want to break up the old place; want to keep it as father left it to me; but you lend me the money, and if I don't make good in three months I'll sell ye the twenty acres at your figure; you know I never broke my word.

Woodford (Bus.)—Six hundred. (Bus.) I haven't got very much currency about me.

Darius—Give me what you got, and write me a check for the balance.

Woodford (gives money)—I'll give you a hundred now

and bring the balance and the papers for you to sign to Boston to-morrow.

Darius—It's a go.

Enter Doctor, gives Darius card.

Darius—The Doc'll give you the address. Say nothing to Evelyn, nor to Sarah.

Woodford—Not a word.

Darius—Say mortgage to Sarah an' she'll stand on her head. I'll rely on you, Alan. I want the folks to go on to the picnic just the same.

Enter Dodge.

Darius—Dodge, you fire them fire-works off in the evenin', an' look out you don't shoot any o' them rockets into your pumpkin face and put out them onion eyes o' your'n.

Enter Evelyn with Roy. Goes to horse-block C.

Evelyn—Come, Roy, we're going for a ride; Darius and you and I.

Darius (Bus.)—Jump in, Evelyn. (Places Roy on seat beside her.) Whoa! Good-bye, folks!

Enter all from house.

Sarah (on porch)—Why, Darius, ain't you goin' to the picnic?

Darius—Picnic, hell! We're goin' to Boston.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene: A Room at Darius' Home. (Sarah discovered. Dodge discovered reading paper. Knock at door.)

Miss B.—Dodge, drop that newspaper and open that door. (Dodge opens door.)

Enter Leila Belle.

Leila—It's only me. My! it's sharp. Shouldn't wonder if we'd have frost before mornin'. Evenin' Miss Bassett.

Miss B.—Evenin' Leila Belle. (Dodge exit to get wood.)

Leila—Saw Darius this mornin' an' he said Evelyn was expected to-night.

Miss B.—Them's the expectations. Darius gone down to the Railway Station to meet 'em, now. Comin' on the 8:45 train.

Leila—I was down to Hankinson's store an' I thought I'd jist run in.

Miss B.—Take that rocker. (Bus. Does so.)

Enter Dodge, with armful of wood.

Miss B.—Dodge, what on airth's all that wood for?

Dodge—Evelyn's comin'.

Miss B.—Well, I know it. You needn't to burn up the hull wood-pile jist 'cause Evelyn's comin'. Where you goin' now?

Dodge—Build 'nother fire.

Miss B.—Where?

Dodge—Front parlor.

Miss B.—Fire in the front parlor in October? I won't have it.

Dodge—Darius said so.

Miss B.—I don't care. I'm bossin' the insides o' this house. Put that wood in the box.

Dodge—Darius said so. (Exit kitchen. Bus. noise off stage. Drops wood in box.)

Miss B.—That's right, bang it down. For massy sakes, sit down an' keep still. There'll be racket enough when Lady Evelyn arrives; there won't be no peace the whole winter long. Darius'll be plannin' sleigh rides, an' candy-pullin's and every other tom-foolishness.

Enter Dodge, crosses stage and exit.

Dodge—Bully!

Miss B.—'Tween you all yer enough to try the patience of a saint—if I don't deserve a star in my crown—

Leila—S'pose you're glad Evelyn's comin' home?

Miss B.—Don't s'pose nuthin' at all about it. Dodge!

Enter Dodge, starting up stairs with wood.

Miss B.—Where you goin' now?

Dodge—Build fire in Evelyn's room.

Miss B.—Fire in Evelyn's room?

Dodge—Darius said so.

Miss B.—There ain't never been any fire in the bedrooms in this house 'cept in dead o' winter, an' there ain't goin' to be any to-night. Put that wood in the box.

Dodge—Darius'll swear. (Exit, and drops wood with bang off stage.)

Miss B.—There you go bangin' agin. Set down in the kitchen, and stay there.

Dodge (off stage)—Bully!

Miss B. (sits down)—I guess Evelyn ain't got so fine since she went to Boston that we've got to put on company airs fer her. She's no queen if Darius does bow down to her.

Leila Belle—Ma was sayin' this mornin' that she wouldn't wonder if all this going on between Evelyn and Darius didn't end in a wedding.

Miss B.—Darius Green never'll marry Evelyn Blair with my consent.

Leila Belle—I don't believe Darius Green'll ever marry anybody. He's such a flirt. He flits around among the girls like a butterfly in a posie bed. He's been flitting around pretty lively in the minister's front yard lately.

Miss B.—How you talk.

Leila Belle—Ever since Evelyn's been in Boston.

Miss B.—You don't mean to say Darius has turned his affections towards that Amy Robinson?

Leila Belle—Everybody's talking about it,—say it's a race between him and Doc. Doolittle, with Darius in the lead.

Miss B.—Well, her family's very rich. That's the kind of a match fer Darius to make—if he ever makes any.

Leila Belle—I wonder what Evelyn'll say when she hears Darius is sweet on her dearest friend.

Miss B.—Huh! Dunno. Mebbe you better tell her and find out.

Leila Belle—Maybe I will now, just fer fun. (Knock at door.)

Enter Dodge.

Dodge (opens door)—Company!

Amy (coming in)—Good-evening, Dodge. Good-evening, Miss Bassett. Good-evening, Miss Bird. Haven't they come yet?

Miss B.—Well, I s'pose it's natural you should be kinder anxious to see 'em, doctor, seein' it was you that started them off on that wild goose chase.

Dr.—You can hardly call it a wild goose chase, Miss Bassett, the boy's eyesight has been restored.

Miss B.—Oh! Fiddlesticks! I don't hold with your new fangled ideas of doctorin'. If old Doctor Monroe had been alive he'd have given the boy a good dose of calomel, an' put some Merritt's eye salve on his eyes and he'd have been all right.

Amy (at window)—Here they come! Here they come!

Dodge (exit to door)—They're comin'! they're comin'! (Exit.)

Darius (calls outside)—Whoa! Whoa! Give him to me, Evelyn. Gimme yer hand. Here we are. (Enter Darius with Evelyn and Roy.) Bless your hearts—safe and sound on terry firmy once't more.

Evelyn—Amy! (Bus.) And Leila Belle—(ad lib)—Aunt Sarah—

Miss B.—Well, Evelyn, you're back. (Taking her hand coldly.)

Evelyn—Oh, how glad I am to be home again. (Sees Doc.) Oh, doctor—(Takes his hand.)

Amy (hugging her again.)—You darling old thing, you don't know how glad I am to see you—and Roy, too; are his eyes all right?

Darius (Bus. Stands Roy C. on table.)—All right! Just watch. (Bus.) What's this I hold in my hand?

Roy—Candy.

Darius—All right! Who's this candy for?

Roy—Me. (Grabs it.)

Amy—Oh! He can see all right.

Miss B.—That's right, spoil his appetite for supper.

Darius—To the victor belongs the spoil.

Leila Belle—Guess I'll be goin'.

Darius—What's yer hurry, Leila Belle? You better stay and have a cup o' tea.

Miss B.—Yes, do. We've all had our supper—

Leila Belle—So have I had mine.

Miss B.—You can drink a cup o' tea. (Exit.)

Darius—Stay and spend the evenin'.

Leila Belle—I don't know but I will. (Following Miss R.) I might stay a little while, but you know I have to be up early in the mornin' fer school. (Exit kitchen door.)

Amy (to Evelyn)—Spiteful thing! Took good care to let you know that she had the school to teach for the winter.

Evelyn—Never mind, I'll have to find another way to earn money.

Darius—Hurry up that tea, Sarah. S'pose you're most starved, Evelyn? Looks kinder pale, don't she? Don't believe they give ye enough to eat in Boston. Well, we're all mighty glad to see you. Things been kinder lonely without you.

Evelyn—If you only knew how homesick and lonesome I've been. I can scarcely realize that I'm home again, sitting in my own chair in the dearest old room in the world. For awhile, when Roy was so ill, it seemed almost more than I could bear, but it's over now, and I've only my deathless gratitude to Darius to remind me of it all.

Darius—if I hear another word about gratitude to Darius, I'll—pack ye off to Boston again.

Evelyn—We won't go—will we, Roy?

Enter Dodge, with trunk.

Dodge—Trunk!

Darius—'Course it's a trunk. See that without you tellin' us. Take it up to Evelyn's room.

Dodge (Bus.)—How do, Evelyn.

Evelyn—How do you do, Dodge.

Dodge—Home agin?

Evelyn—Yes.

Dodge—Glad of it. (Goes up-stairs with trunk.)

Darius—Compliment to you, Evelyn. That's the first time I ever heard Dodge say he was glad to see anybody. Look out now, don't fall down and bark yer shins—there ye go. (Bus. Dodge stumbles, almost falls.) You won't get married this year. (Amy and Doctor up stage.)

Dodge—Don't want to. (Exit, falls off up stairs.)

Darius—There ye go agin, Mr. Tumblebug. (To Roy, who is feeling in his pockets.) Here! Here! You won't find any more candy. You're going to have your supper pretty quick now.

Roy—Don't want any supper.

Evelyn—There! I knew how it would be. The moment he get's home you begin to spoil him, and you don't stop at his appetite either.

Miss B. (at door.)—Tea's ready, Evelyn.

Evelyn—Come, Amy.

Amy—I've been to supper.

Evelyn—Never mind, you're equal to another. I had no idea I was hungry until I caught a glimpse of the supper table as we passed the window. (Going.)

Amy—I'm always hungry. (Exeunt Amy, Roy and Evelyn to kitchen.)

Darius—Well, Doc? (Bus.)

Dr.—Well, Darius? Feel happy to-night?

Darius—Tip-top. Never better. The boy's got his eyes again. They're home. (Cross and get deed out of desk.) She's home. (Amy laughs off stage.)

Dr.—Darius, were you ever in love?

Darius—Thought I was two or three times.

Dr.—With a girl, way above you in social position and wealth?

Darius—She had me beat a hundred to one.

Dr.—Did you mention the subject to her?

Darius—I had the nerve—

Dr.—What did she do?

Darius—Dropped it.

Dr.—A poor devil is a fool to give a girl the chance to throw him over.

Darius—Yes; it's just as well fer him to take a tumble to himself first. Still a man's bound to be a fool about a woman, or women, one time or another—more likely to be another than one—but it's the way we're built, Doc.

Dodge enters down stairs.

Darius—Did you build a fire in Evelyn's room?

Dodge—Nop.

Darius—Why not?

Dodge—Sarey wouldn't let me.

Darius—Sarey be Sareyed! Built one in the parlor?

Dodge—Sarey wouldn't let me.

Darius—Well, I'll be slambangled.

Dodge—Told her you'd swear.

Darius—You go build 'em now. (Dodge gets wood.) I'll cut down Sarey's allowance of authority in this mansion first thing she knows.

Dodge—Which first?

Darius—Evelyn's 'course. (Dodge goes up-stairs.) Then you go slick yourself up—remember, cleanliness is next to godliness. Dodge never seems to get next. Look out for that game foot. (Dodge falls off.) There you go again—job for you, Doc. Dodge's got a case of mixed feet. Well, how's business?

Dr.—Rotten! This is the healthiest burg I ever struck. I'm going to quit.

Darius—Ain't goin' to leave us?

Dr.—I'm in debt—can't see my way out; owe for my horse, my buggy—

Darius—How much do I owe you? Fer tendin' the boy?

Dr.—Nonsense!

Darius—No nonsense about it. If it hadn't been fer your advice, things wouldn't have come out so fortunate. How's fifty dollars strike you?

Dr.—I won't take fifty cents.

Darius—Yes, you will too. Think I'm goin' to let you move now—good time's just a' dawnin' for you. Cold weather comin' on, mumps an' measles and newmony, and grip—(knock at door) and s'pose'n Amy gets sick, who's going to doctor her? She won't have any doctor but you, told me so herself. (Opens door.) Come in, Alan, come in.

Enter Woodford.

Woodford—Good-evening, Darius. Has Miss Blair arrived?

Darius—She's home, an' the boy can see like a hawk.

Woodford—That's good, that's good. Ah! doctor. (Crosses to Doctor.)

Dr.—Good-evening, Mr. Woodford. (Darius, about to shut door.)

Darius—Yes, sir, the boy's all—(Dodge comes down stairs, gets wood.)

Yarrington—Hold on, Darius.

Darius—That you, Lem?

Yarrington enters.

Lem—What you tryin' to do—shut me out?

Darius—No, sir; this door was ever open unto sorrow—come in.

Lem—Air's sharp to-night.

Darius—'Tis kind o' nippy. Dodge hustle up that fire in the parlor. (Dodge exits.) Sit down, make yourselves at home. Just been lookin' over the papers, Alan.

Woodford—Ah! You found them all right?

Darius—Yes; I suppose I might as well sign the deed now. When I borrowed that money from you I promised to pay you back in three months or sell you that twenty acres of pasture and timber—that was the agreement?

Woodford—That was the understanding.

Darius—The time's up. I couldn't raise the money, Alan, you couldn't wait—Oh! I ain't askin' you to wait.

Woodford—There's a balance of two hundred dollars coming to you. (Produces money.)

Darius—Makes six hundred in all—purty fair price too. But it ain't the price, it's all a matter of sentiment, as the preacher said when he took his pay in a kiss from the bride. Gentlemen, this place has been in the Green family fer three generations; I never thought I'd be the first to

break into it. (Goes to window.) That's a pretty piece of woodland—used to play in that pasture when I was a little boy like Roy—used to climb those trees—jest want to look at 'em a minute and fer the last time call 'em mine—they're beautiful in the moonlight—beautiful—but—(turns away, comes down) the boy has got his eyes; give me that pen. (Bus. Signs deed.) Just witness this, Doc. (Bus. Doctor and Yarrington sign. Alan gives Darius money. Darius counts it.)

Woodford—Some day you'll be buying it back.

Darius—When my ship comes in.

Lem—Flyin' ship, Darius? How is the flyin' machine, anyhow?

Darius—Out o' sight. Some hitch about the patent. But I'll git it an' I'll make a million dollars out o' that machine.

Lem—Sho! Darius, whatever could you do with a million dollars?

Darius—Well, I don't know just what I could do with it, but if worst come to worst, I could blow it. (Above conversation during bus. of signing deed.)

Enter Miss B.

Miss B.—What you doin' here?

Darius—Just comparin' signatures to see who's handwritin's the humbliest. You win the bet, Alan.

Miss B.—Why, good-evenin', Mr. Woodford; heow do you do? Good-evenin', Mr. Yarrington. I'll jest tell the young ladies you're here, ef you'll excuse me. (Woodford pockets deed, looks meaningly at Yarrington.)

Lem—Well, you can play marbles now, Alan.

Woodford—We'll see. Close mouth now.

Lem—Oh! I know which side my bread's buttered on. (Darius and Doc on opposite side stage, Darius trying to force money on Doc.)

Darius—Oh! take it, now, Doc.

Dr.—You don't owe it—I won't take it.

Darius—Then borrow it. (Bus. Puts it into Doc's pocket.)

Dr.—You've got a heart like an ox.

Darius—All right, don't tell anybody.

Enter Evelyn. Advances to Mr. Woodford.

Evelyn—Good-evening, Mr. Woodford. Mr. Yarrington, too.

Enter others, exchange greetings.

Darius (to Roy)—Well, Roy'd you eat your supper.

Miss B.—Wouldn't eat anything but ginger cake.

Darius—Well, ginger cake's healthy, ain't it, Doc?

Dr. (mock seriously)—To the best of my belief ginger cake is an article of diet admirably calculated to both stimulate and satisfy the youthful appetite.

Darius—Fetch the Doc a cookie.

Dr.—Not only is it an extremely palatable, but a highly nutritious edible.

Darius—Fetch him the whole pantry.

Miss B.—Land sakes! I don't believe a word of it.

Dr.—Fact, I assure you.

Lem—Say, Doc, is that the reason you didn't eat none over at Mrs. Crosby's apple parin' last Wednesday? She's famous fer her ginger cake.

Leila Belle—Why, Lem Yarrington, I guess everybody knows what spoiled the doctor's appetite that night.

Lem—Ha! Ha! 'Taint no fun to see your best girl dancin' four times with another feller, is it, Doc?

Dr.—You ought to know, you didn't seem to have a partner.

Lem—Could a' had one if I'd wanted her. An' it would take some one smarter'n Darius Green to get her away from me, too.

Darius—Here, here, who's that takin' my name in vain?

Leila Belle—Guess the doctor could have stood Amy's dancin' with Darius—but for her to let him take her home in his buggy.

Lem—Made up your mind your ginger cake was dough, then, didn't you, Doc? Ha! Ha! Ha!

Amy (to Leila Belle)—I suppose you think it's nice to discuss me like this—right before my face?

Leila Belle—Well, I didn't know you'd rather be talked about behind your back—and a girl can't have all the fellows in town a stringin' after her an' not be talked about somewhere.

Amy—Well, I'd rather have all the fellows in town than none at all, like some girls I know.

Evelyn—Amy! Amy!

Amy—Well, I can't help it—she'd make an angel swear. (Goes to window. Leila Belle goes to Evelyn.)

Leila Belle (to Evelyn)—She was jest mad because I was teasing her about her beaus. (Aside to Evelyn.) Maybe she hasn't been leading the poor doctor a dance. He's so jealous of Darius he can't see. Look at Darius—he's jest crazy over her. Oh, there's been great goin's on since you went to Boston. (Goes up, joins others.)

Darius—Come along, now, Leila Belle didn't mean anything; it's just a way she has of plaguing folks—she was only in fun. Say we have some singing—sing us that

song about—(Bus. Specialties. During song Roy falls asleep. Darius takes him up-stairs, followed by Evelyn. Darius returns immediately. Leila Belle showing her jealousy. For encore, Amy sings ballad. Leila Belle hiccoughs at points of song, spoiling it. Work up ad libitum. "Get her some salt," etc., etc.) Leila Belle, you been drinking?

Amy—Thank you, Miss Bird, you played that accompaniment beautifully.

Enter Dodge.

Dodge—Fire's built.

Darius—S'pose we all adjourn to the parlor, and you play the accompaniment fer yourself on the organ.

Omnes—Yes, yes. Come on—that's it—do now, etc.

Darius—Come, and the Doc'll sing.

Dr.—Yes, I'll sing, I can sing.

Darius—Yes, the Doc's a tenor robuster.

Amy—I don't like tenor singers, they're always straining for high notes and swelling their necks, and getting red in the face. (Darius and Doc laugh as they exit. Exeunt all to parlor.)

Leila Belle—S'pose she thinks I did that to spoil her song.

Lem—Wouldn't spile much.

Leila Belle—She's got a voice like a cat-bird. (Exit with Yarrington to parlor. Darius, Dodge, Miss B., remain on.)

Darius (get's lamp)—Why don't you go along into the parlor, Aunt Sarah?

Miss B.—I ain't no parlor ornament.

Darius—Sho! What's ruffled your feathers this evenin'?

Miss B.—Where you goin' with that lamp?

Darius (Dodge gets hammer)—Down cellar to tap that keg o' cider. What you got in the pantry?

Miss B.—Nothin'.

Dodge—Big pan o' doughnuts.

Darius—Trot 'em out.

Miss B.—Look here, Darius Green, I'd like to know how much longer you're goin' on wastin' your substance in riotous livin'—

Darius—Doughnuts and cider ain't riotous.

Miss B.—Huh! (Advances angrily.)

Darius—Look out, you'll blow out the lamp.

Miss B.—See here, Darius Green—(Advances.)

Darius (grabs hammer from Dodge, stands on defensive)—Give me that hammer, Dodge.

Miss B. (very angry)—Darius Green—(Dodge exits quick, kitchen. Miss Bedalia produces bill.)—Here's that

bill you lost this mornin'. I found it. Over \$300 fer fixin' that young one's eyes.

Darius—Well, it's receipted, ain't it?

Miss B.—Her trip to Boston must a' cost you as much as five hundred dollars in all.

Darius—Money don't count in such cases.

Miss B.—Where'd you get it?

Darius—Borrowed it.

Miss B.—You've mortgaged the place?

Darius—No.

Miss B.—Who'd you borrow it from?

Darius—Alan Woodford. Now, you've got the whole of it—as Gen'l Grant said, let us have peace. (Bus. Roy comes out in night-clothes and says, "Good-night, Darius." Evelyn takes him back.)

Miss B.—'Tain't like Alan Woodford to lend money without security, an' he ain't got any love for you. It's her—he's got his eye on Evelyn.

Darius—Alan Woodford ain't fit to tie her shoes. No man is. I ain't, but I could tie 'em better'n he could.

Miss B.—Alan could dress her in satins and silks and diamonds and laces, and all sich finery her frivolous heart's set on.

Darius—The best is none too good fer her. If that invention o' mine only pans out.

Miss B.—Oh, you needn't to plume yourself with no sich hopes, she's lookin' higher'n you, Darius.

Darius—Well, I couldn't look any higher'n her, for she's an angel.

Miss B.—Angel, fiddlesticks! Don't you go to settin' your heart on Evelyn Blair—you'll only break it, mind what I tell you. Build all the flyin' machines you want to, Darius, but don't go chasin' angels. (Turns away.)

Darius (exiting)—Oh, go chase yourself. (Good-naturedly. Exit. Laugh off stage.)

Enter Evelyn. Evelyn comes down stairs, when she gets to foot of stairs.

Miss B.—Evelyn! I want to talk to you. (Evelyn stops.) I don't want any beatin' about the bush, I want to know right out plain how much money Darius paid out for you and that boy in Boston.

Evelyn—I—I don't know.

Miss B.—Don't know! That's a lie to start with. (Bus.) You needn't to look at me like that.

Evelyn—I tell you I don't know. Darius arranged that all the bills for Roy should be sent to him. My own money covered all my expenses.

Miss B.—Your money! Where did you get money?

Evelyn—It was some my father left.

Miss B.—Your father didn't leave a dollar. Only fer Darius he'd have been put in the potter's field, where sich spendthrifts belong—

Evelyn (fiercely)—Don't you dare say another word against my father. He died broken-hearted—he dreaded so to leave Roy and me alone.

Miss B.—He left you for other people to support.

Evelyn—I will pay Darius sometime.

Miss B.—And where are you goin' to get the money.

Evelyn—I'll earn it somehow, somehow.

Miss B.—And while you're waitin', go on livin' on him, runnin' him deeper in debt. Oh! I've held in as long as I can and I'm goin' to have my say once fer all. Before you came here he was doin' well enough—had a little money saved and looked like he'd get along in spite of his laziness and extravagance. Now he ain't got a dollar, head over ears in debt—no chance of payin'. Next thing, there'll be a mortgage on the place. You talk about your gratitude, but it would do a sight more good if you'd set about showin' it.

Evelyn—You know I wanted to teach the school this winter. It wasn't my fault that I didn't get it.

Miss B.—Oh, shucks! they's no money in teachin' school. If you was very anxious to pay Darius you'd see a good deal better way.

Evelyn—Oh! If I only could.

Miss B.—It wouldn't be long before you'd have more money than would pay Darius if you wasn't always givin' the cold shoulder to Alan Woodford.

Evelyn—What?

Miss B.—Oh, you know well enough that he's crazy to marry you. He's as good as told me so. He'd have asked you long ago if yu'd treated him decent, an' it ain't too late now.

Evelyn—It is too late. If that is the only way to pay my debt it must go unpaid. I will not sell myself to any man, and you shan't drive me to it.

Miss B.—You're very high and mighty, ain't you—put a beggar on horseback—you think you're so deep nobody can see through you; you won't marry Alan Woodford because you're in love with Darius Green.

Evelyn—How dare you! Is there nothing sacred to you? If I have received charity it was not from you; we've been no added burden to you, for I've done my share of the work. You've always hated me, not because you thought Darius would suffer from my presence here—you

don't care enough for him for that—it was because you thought another woman might weaken your influence over him—that you might lose your place as his housekeeper. (Bus.) Oh, you have had your say, I'm going to have mine. Ever since I came you have tried to drive me away, but I have stayed because I thought I was not wholly dependent upon Darius, and I shrank from leaving the only place I could call home, and I will not leave it now.

Miss B.—No?

Evelyn—No, not until Darius himself asks me to go.

Miss B.—No, I s'pose you think if you stay long enough he'll ask you to marry him, but he won't. He'd have done that long ago if he'd wanted you. If you wasn't so wrapped up in your own conceit you'd see that he's dead in love with Amy Robinson. (Bus.) Oh! That's news to you, is it? But he can't marry her neither, so you've got that satisfaction.

Evelyn—Why—why can't he marry her?

Miss B.—Because she's a rich girl—been accustomed to everything money'll buy, and he's poor as Job's turkey; he's as good as ruined, and all through you—and even if he did git married he couldn't bring his wife home to the house where another girl is queenin' it over everything.

Evelyn—You've said enough. It's perfectly clear to me now; I am going away. I'll not stand between him and happiness. I want to go now. (With a burst, crossing stage.)

Miss B.—Without payin' the money?

Evelyn—if it were not for that I would take my brother in my arms and go to-night—if it were not for that debt, which I will pay. (At window.)

Miss B.—Ye'll marry Woodford?

Evelyn (turning on her fiercely)—As long as we stay under this roof I don't want you to speak to me. Until to-night I've borne your insults. I've tried to believe that you did not realize the bitterness of your own words; I did not dream that any woman could be so cruel. (Bus.) Don't talk any more now, I won't have it; unless you want me to tell Darius all that we've said, leave me alone, and go—the air you breathe stifles me; go—go—go! (Bus. Miss B. exits.)

Enter Amy, goes to stairs, then sees Evelyn.

Amy—Oh! Here you are. I've left the gentlemen to the tender mercies of Leila Belle. She's singing "You'll never find a love like mine." Oh, I've got such a lot to tell you. In the first place, I've done it—lost my heart—I'm in love—(exclamation from Evelyn)—and the best of it is he loves me.

Evelyn—Has he told you so?

Amy—Oh my, yes, but he won't ask me to marry him because he's poor—as if that mattered.

Evelyn—And you love him—love him with all your heart—love him well enough to share any sorrow that might come to him—well enough to share even his poverty?

Amy—Why, of course—I—Why, Evelyn, what is the matter?

Evelyn—Nothing, dear, nothing. I am well—happy—very, very happy.

Enter Darius, followed by Dodge, cider and doughnuts, two glass pitchers. Bus.

Darius—Give me the cider, you take the doughnuts, you're liable to get tangled in your feet again and tumble, and you can gather up the doughnuts. (Exit Dodge.) Hello, what you girls gossippin' about out here—come along into the parlor—come along, Evelyn, you're missin' all the fun. What you looking at? (Miss Bassett goes in with glasses from kitchen to parlor.)

Amy (comes down)—We were just admiring the beautiful moon.

Darius—I don't have to look out the window to see beautiful sights. (Going.)

Amy—You're flattering—Ha! Ha! Ha!

Darius—I was speakin' o' the cider. (Exit Amy and Darius. Music.)

Evelyn—Good-bye, my dreams, foolish, idle dreams—but you have been very dear to me—and you will never come back to me again. (Stands looking into fire.)

Enter Woodford.

Woodford—Evelyn? Miss Blair?

Evelyn—Oh! It is you.

Woodford—Yes, I only wanted to say good-night, and—that you need not fear me, I will not persecute you with my attentions. My sentiments, however, will never change.

Evelyn—Mr. Woodford, when you called in Boston, and made me that offer of marriage, I refused you because I did not love you—I do not love you now—but if you still want me, I will be your wife.

Woodford—Still want you?

Evelyn—Wait—hear me through, and then if the bargain does not suit you you may reject it—it is a sale, and I must dictate my own terms.

Woodford—I accept in advance.

Evelyn—My brother—we must never be separated.

Woodford—You shall have him with you always, I will educate him—I—

Evelyn—That is not all. I have a debt to pay—I don't know how much—but you must promise me that on our wedding day you will pay Darius Green what it cost him to save my brother's sight.

Woodford—I promise.

Evelyn—Then I will marry you.

Woodford—When?

Evelyn—Whenever you like.

Woodford—Let it be soon—in a week?

Evelyn—No—and yet—I have been here too long—yes, in one week.

Woodford—Evelyn. (Bus. Kisses her hand.) I'm going to say good-night now in earnest.

All enter from R.

Amy—So am I.

Leila Belle—Oh, I've got to go home.

Darius—Strikes me you're all in a dreadful hurry.

Woodford (shakes hands with Bedalia)—Good-night, Miss Bassett. Are you going my way, Yarrington?

Lem—Guess not.

Woodford—Well, good-night everybody. (Exit.)

Leila Belle—I oughtn't to have stayed so long, it's so far to our house. I always feel kind of skittish going home alone.

Lem—I'll see you safe there, jest hitch on to me.

Leila Belle—Well, I guess I won't. If that's what you're waitin' for you'd better hurry and catch up with Mr. Woodford.

Lem—I guess I don't need to catch up with nobody—I ain't afraid to walk home alone. Good-night folks. (Exit.)

Amy (to Darius)—She's just waiting to see if you'll take her home.

Darius—She'll have a long wait.

Amy (to Evelyn)—Good-night, dear, hope you'll feel better in the morning. Good-night all.

Dr.—Good-night, good-night. (Exit, Amy and Doctor.)

Miss B.—Maybe Dodge had better walk home with you, Leila Belle.

Darius—'Course he will. (Dodge quick exit.) Dodge! Where did he go to? Dodge! Dodge! (Darius, quick exit.)

Leila Belle—Never mind, I'll just run and ketch up with Amy and the doctor. (Exit, calls.) Say, wait fer me, please.

Enter Darius.

Darius—Is she gone? Funny what became of Dodge. (Enter Dodge.) Don't you ever do a thing like that again—very ungentlemanly.

Dodge—Where was you?

Darius—I? I was lookin' for you. Well, we've had a jolly time.

Miss B. (getting lamp)—Jolly time's about all you seem to live for, Darius.

Darius—Have fun—have it often, and have it in chunks, is my idea o' life.

Miss B.—That's what the grasshopper said till old Jack Frost overtook him one winter's mornin'. (Exit.)

Darius—Sarah's a cold proposition.

Dodge (who has been getting lantern)—Letter—come by afternoon mail.

Darius—Why didn't you give it to me before?

Dodge—Fergot. (Exit out-doors.)

Evelyn (about to go with lamp)—Good-night, Darius.

Darius—Don't say good-night just yet, Evelyn—set down the lamp and let's talk. (Bus.) Sit down here—you—you've been happy here, haven't you, Evelyn?

Evelyn—Oh! Very, very happy.

Darius—Going to Boston didn't give you unsatisfied longings fer the city?

Evelyn—Oh, no, no.

Darius—You remember a promise I made you once't, the day you and Roy went to Boston, last Fourth—remember—why, yes, I said if I ever fell in love I'd come and tell you first. Well, why don't you ask me sunthin'?

Evelyn—Ask you what? If you've fallen in love?

Darius—Course.

Evelyn—Why—I—knew—it—without asking.

Darius—You knew it—knew I was in love—Sho! Somebody must have told you—I don't know how anybody could find it out—I ain't said a word, Lord! I haven't dared to whisper it even to myself. S'pose you've guessed who she is?

Evelyn—Oh! yes, I know.

Darius—Well, what do you think of my choice?

Evelyn (rising)—Don't—don't say any more to-night, Darius, I can't bear it—I—

Darius—Why, Evelyn—

Evelyn—Don't mind me, Darius—I'm not myself to-night. I'm nervous, I guess. (Bus.) Go on—tell me. It seems so funny for you to be sitting here telling me about your love affairs (hysterically laughing), and you tell it in such a comical way too.

Darius—Does sound kind o' like joke, don't it. (She laughs.) My, but you veer around so sudden—like a daffodil in a gust of wind—first you're droopin', then you're dancin'—

Evelyn—Why shouldn't I dance, and be light-hearted—I'm to be married next week.

Darius (puzzled)—You're goin' to be married next week?

Evelyn—Next week, Wednesday.

Darius—Funny you didn't say somethin' to me before you set the day.

Evelyn—We intended to consult you to-morrow—Mr. Woodford—

Darius—Mr. Woodford—what's he got to—why—Evelyn—you ain't—

Evelyn—Yes, Darius, I'm engaged to Alan Woodford.

Darius—Alan Woodford—yer goin' to marry Alan Woodford?

Evelyn—You're surprised?

Darius—Well—some—jest fer a minute.

Evelyn—He proposed to me to-night.

Darius—Do you love him, Evelyn?

Evelyn—Why, what does a girl marry a man for if she doesn't love him?

Darius—I'm glad—if you love him. He's a rich man—he'll do well by you and Roy. Say—you'll be married from here, won't you?

Evelyn—I was going to ask you if I might—

Darius—I'd like it—and I'll give you a grand wedding—

Evelyn—No—no—

Darius—Yes, I will, too—ain't this your home—ain't I been a father to you—it'll please me—and say—about your wedding dress—hev you thought of that? 'Course you have, but you haven't bought one yet—up stairs in mother's old trunk is her weddin' dress—it's beautiful—all white—heavy silk—cost sixteen dollars a yard—it's old-fashioned, but you can have it fixed over in style—I'll get it for you in the mornin'.

Evelyn—No, no, keep it for your own bride.

Darius—My bride?

Evelyn—Keep it for Amy.

Darius—Amy? Amy? Oh, sure; forgot about her—you guessed it was Amy I was in love with—but that's a long way off—and you see, you're the only daughter I've got—so you'll wear it, won't you?

Evelyn—Oh, yes, yes, Darius—I'll do anything for you—God bless you—you've been so good—so good—(Bus.)

Darius—Never mind that—why yer all tremblin'—yer all unstrung—better go to bed—(Bus.)

Evelyn—(Starts up stairs.)

Darius—Good-night, Evelyn.

Evelyn (at top of stairs, breaking down almost)—Good-night. (Exit.)

Darius—I love her—I love her—she'll never know—never know. (Opens letter at fire-place, reads): "Trouble about your patent—some one ahead of you—fear your invention's a failure." Well, Alan's rich—it's better so—better so—been flyin' too high, Darius—flyin' too high—flyin'— (Stands looking into fire-place.)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene—Room in Darius' House.

Discovered: Amy and Doctor looking at floral wedding-bell.

Dr.—Don't you like the old-fashioned custom of hanging a wedding-bell?

Amy—I think everything about a wedding is lovely. Say, do you know I'm disappointed.

Dr.—About what?

Amy—Oh! I'd made up my mind that Evelyn would marry Darius.

Dr.—So had I. But if everything goes through on time, in another half hour she'll be Mrs. Alan Woodford.

Amy—I wonder if she loves him—poor Evelyn! I hope she'll be happy. (Bus.) Did you notice how delightfully tall from a back view I look in this dress?

Dr.—I noticed there was something delightful about it. Do you know you look like a bride yourself to-day.

Amy—Do you think so?

Dr.—Very much. Just imagine you are a bride—mine—and here's the first congratulation. (Kiss.)

Enter Darius. Bus. They look up at bell.

Darius—How do you like that weddin'-bell?

Amy and Dr.—Oh! perfectly splendid! beautiful! lovely!

Darius (Glove. Bus.)—Up all night making that bell.

Enter Miss Bassett.

Miss B.—Darius, where's Dodge?

Darius—Down to the store.

Miss B.—I want him in the kitchen just as soon as he comes back. (Exit.)

Darius—Sarah is flyin' around like a hen in a hail-storm. 'Bout time the guests were arriving. How's my get-up?

Dr.—You're all right, Darius.

Darius—Correct thing?

Amy—Perfectly—right in style.

Darius—I calc'late Evelyn'll have about the most stylish wedding ever in Stony Creek. Darn this glove.

Dr.—What's the matter, don't it fit?

Darius—Glove's all right; I've got the fit. I give it up, I'm stuck.

Amy—Let me help you, sit down there. (Bus.) Give me your hand. I'll show you how the young lady clerk at the

glove counter fits on a new glove for you. Hold up your fist. You've got the thumb where the little finger goes.

Darius—Mother used to say my fingers were all thumbs. First pair of kid gloves I ever had on. Say, quit now. Doc, she's squeezin' my hand. Well, Evelyn's to be married to-day. Say, you'll have the Doc jealous here in a minute if you don't stop squeezin' my hand. Wonder how long it'll be before somebody hangs a weddin'-bell for you two.

Amy—Oh, keep still, now. (Bus.)

Darius—Ouch! My crazy bone. Say, is that the way the girl at the glove store in the city does it? Pats your hand? squeezes it, looks up into your eyes and smiles, jes' as if you was the nicest feller in the world?

Amy—Yes.

Darius—Wouldn't do for me to live in the city, I'd go broke buyin' gloves. (Bus.)

Darius—Here they be, here they be!

Amy—What is it, Darius?

Darius (Bus.)—Show you in a jiffy. Come from Troy by express. Was afraid they wouldn't git here in time—tame flowers (Bus.) for Evelyn—a bride always ought to wear roses—some for you, too. I can never see roses without thinkin' of Evelyn. (Enter Roy.) Here, Roy, can you carry these up to sister?

Roy—Oh, yes, sirree.

Darius—They're to wear at the weddin'. Say, tell her Darius said so; don't forgit.

Roy—All right. Say, Darius, what's a wedding for?

Darius—For—folks to get married.

Roy—What do folks get married for.

Darius—Why—fer—they—get married—to—get—married—to be happy.

Roy—Well, sister isn't happy; she's been cryin' all the morning.

Darius—Cryin' all the mornin'. Oh, that's natural, girls always cry when they're goin' to get married—cry for joy. You run along with those roses. Dodge, Sarah wants to see your smilin' face in the kitchen.

Dodge—What for?

Darius—Sweeten the lemonade.

Dodge—Weddin's make more work. When I get married I'm goin' to elope.

Darius—Gosh! You'll have to; you'll have to steal the girl an' run away with her in the dark, it never could happen to you in broad daylight. Now, I want you to look after Roy durin' the ceremony, understand?

Dodge—Who's goin' to pass around the refreshments?

Darius—Refreshments don't come till afterwards.

Dodge—Don't want to miss the eatin'.

Darius—What you got in that pocket?

Dodge—What pocket?

Darius—That pocket. (Bus.) Rice?

Dodge—Goin' to fire an' old shoe at Woodford. (Exit.)

Amy (Bus.)—Let me pin a rose on your coat.

Darius—Amy, Roy says Evelyn's been cryin' all the mornin'. Do you think there's anything wrong? She ain't said nothing to you, has she?

Amy—Not a word.

Darius—Guess it's the excitement.

Enter Leila Belle, followed by Yarrington.

Leila Belle.—Thought I'd be late.

Lem—Told ye there was oceans o' time.

Bedalia (comes on)—Come right in here Leila Belle.

Leila Belle—Here's my present; hope Evelyn'll like it. (Bus.)

Lem—How d'ye, Darius.

Darius—How d'ye, Lem.

Lem—How do you feel to-day?

Darius—Fine as a fiddle.

Lem—Seems to me I'd feel a leetle out o' tune if I was in your box—I sympathize with you, Darius.

Darius—This ain't a day fer condolences, it's a day fer congratulations.

Enter group of guests.

Darius (Bus.)—Why, Aunt Mary, heow do you do, you look as bloomin' as a piny. How do, Uncle Mathew. Hello, Mark—an' Luke, too. Well, well, an' here's John? Mathew, Mark, Luke and John—if the minister gets into trouble we'll have the four gospels to help him out. Come right into the parlor. (Miss B. showing other guests into parlor.)

Lem (to Doctor and Amy)—You and Doc going to stand up with the contracting parties?

Dr.—Miss Robinson is to be bridesmaid and I'm to be best man.

Lem—Sign you'll never make a match. (Goes up.)

Amy—Isn't he delightful?

Dr.—Oh! He's a sweet-voiced youth.

Lem (refers to bell)—What's this?

Darius—A wedding bell.

Lem—Can you ring it?

Darius—Easy enough if you can get a fair hand to take hold with you.

Enter Leila Belle.

Lem—Miss Bird, I'm lookin' fer a partner to ring a weddin'-bell with.

Leila Belle—You'll have to look farther.

Lem—Oh, come now, clasp hands round the posie rope an' ring the bell with me.

Leila Belle—With you, Lem Yarrington? Never, while I'm in my right senses.

Lem—Go crazy, will you?

Enter Dodge.

Dodge—Minister's comin'.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Emmons.

Darius (Bus.)—Good-mornin', Mr. Emmons; good-mornin', Mrs. Emmons.

Mr. E.—Good-morning, Darius.; good-morning, all. We have a beautiful day for this joyful occasion.

Mrs. E.—Too warm for this time o' year. I say it's a weather breeder.

Darius—Well, that's all right so long as there's no storm to-day.

Mr. E.—You know, happy is the bride the sun shines on.

Mrs. E.—And blessed is the corpse the rain rains on.

Mr. E.—But, Marthy, love, there's no rain, and this is not a funeral.

Mrs. E.—I know, Enos, but a weddin's the saddest, solemest thing in life. Here's my wedding gift. (Bus. Motto.) I worked that motto with my own hands. When their life is dark and their way seems troubled, Alan and his bride can look at this Motto and take courage.

Darius—(Discloses Motto. Gag.)

Mr. E.—Ah! here's the happy man.

Darius (goes to door)—Good-morning, Alan. (Amy goes up-stairs.)

Woodford (enters)—Good-morning, Darius. Good-morning, Mr. Emmons. I trust I'm not late.

Mr. E.—You are punctual to the minute. Now, if everything is in readiness, we will proceed. (Organ music. Evelyn comes down. Darius goes to meet her. Bus. Arranging positions for wedding service.)

Mary Martin—She looks awful white.

Leila Belle—She's powdered.

Mrs. E.—She's fell off in her looks since she come from Boston.

Leila Belle—Didn't have none to spare before she went to Boston.

Mr. E. (reading service)—"If any man can show just

cause or impediment why this man and woman should not be joined in holy matrimony, let him now speak or forever after hold his peace." (Pause.)

Leila Belle—That's always so silly, nobody ever does speak up.

Lem (aside to Leila Belle)—S'pose'n somebody should chip in now?

Leila Belle (aside to Lem)—Nobody could.

Lem (aside to Leila Belle)—Nobody's goin' to.

Mary Martin—Isn't the bridegroom just elegant!

Miss Hedge—I hope he'll be good to her.

Mary Martin—Of course he'll be good to her, he's got lots of money.

Miss Hedge—He's awful tight-fisted. I wouldn't have him for twice his money.

Leila Belle (overhearing)—Good reason why the cat wouldn't eat her supper.

Miss Hedge (to Mary Martin)—I hate that Leila Belle. Don't you love to go to a wedding?

Mary Martin—Yes, if the cake's good. Did you count the presents?

Miss Hedge—Yes, till I saw the blue vase I gave Viny Reed for her wedding, and then I was so mad I lost track. (Bus. Darius gives away the bride.)

Mary Martin—Darius is giving away the bride.

Miss Hedge (so Leila Belle will hear)—I guess Darius would rather keep her for himself.

Leila Belle (sharply)—I guess Darius'll find consolation.

Mary Martin (innocently)—Leila Belle, do you know any one that's waiting to console him? (Giggles.)

Miss Hedge—Well, I know some one who will wait. Needn't look so mad, Leila Belle, nobody said 'twas you.

Mary Martin—Good for you. That was lovely. (Bus. Ceremony concludes.)

Miss B. (aside to Leila Belle, grimly)—It's over! they're married. (All flock around Evelyn and Woodford to congratulate them. Confusion. Congratulations ad lib.)

Leila Belle—I do hope you'll be happy, Evelyn! (Bus.)

Uncle Mathew—That joowelry she's got on must a' cost a purty penny.

Miss B.—Well, he can afford it. He's rich. He brought back a pile o' money from out West.

Uncle Mathew—Yes, but how did he get it, that's the question I'm always askin'? How did he get it?

Miss B.—Never mind how he got it, he's got it, and she's done mighty well. (Exit up.)

Mr. E.—Bless you both.

Mrs. E.—Marriage is a very solemn thing, Evelyn; I only

hope you're startin' right. Enos and me has been married for thirty years and never had a word o' difference. If Enos goes for a walk, I go for a walk; if Enos stays home, I stay home; if Enos don't want no breakfast, I don't want no breakfast.

Enter Dodge, calls out.

Dodge—Refreshments in the parlor.

Lem (to Woodford)—Well, you won her, Alan, good luck to you, and don't tell your wife all you know. (Shake hands. Converse apart.)

Dodge (to Evelyn)—Wish you many happy returns of the day. (Exit.)

Enter Darius and Roy.

Darius—Evelyn, here's an old beau o' yours wants to congratulate you. (Bus.)

Evelyn—Roy! (Embraces him.)

Roy—What do they all kiss you for?

Evelyn—They don't all kiss me, dear, but you will. (Bus. Kiss.)

Woodford—Well, aren't you going to shake hands with me. Are you sorry to have me for a brother?

Roy—You ain't my brother.

Woodford—Don't you want me for a brother? Don't you like me?

Roy—I like Darius.

Darius—Roy, have you had any ice cream?

Roy—No, is they any?

Darius—Sure, Dodge has got some for you. There he goes, run quick.

Roy—You bet!

Darius—I congratulate you, Alan. There ain't a better girl on earth than Evelyn.

Woodford—Thank you. Mrs. Woodford is perfection. We're quite agreed on that point. (Turns away.)

Enter Mary Martin and Miss Hedge.

Here he is, here he is! (Come and take Woodford off. Dr. and Amy enter. Bus. with Evelyn. Exit Darius.)

Amy—Oh! Evelyn, I do hope you'll be happy! But my heart is broken—that's what it is—broken.

Dr.—Oh, come now, not so bad as that.

Amy—Yes, it is too. Here are you married first, and now when I marry the doctor, I can't have you for a bridesmaid.

Evelyn—When you marry—him.

Amy—Oh, I forgot. I never told you it was Dick. It's

all fixed. Dick thought we'd better wait until he got rich, but I don't want to die an old maid.

Dr.—That's encouraging.

Evelyn—And you were speaking of him that night when you told me?

Amy—Why, of course—well, aren't you going to say anything?

Evelyn—Oh, yes—yes—dear—I hope—I know you are right; you are marrying the man you love. God give you every happiness.

Enter Dodge.

Dodge—Want you in the parlor quick, Doc.

Dr.—What's the trouble?

Dodge—Mrs. Emmons got heart failure. (Doctor and Amy exit quick.)

Amy—Aunty's always got something. (Exit.)

Dodge—Swallowed piece o' fruit cake the wrong way. (Exit.)

Evelyn—Going to be married, and Darius loves her. Oh! poor Darius!

Enter Darius, with bottle wine and two glasses.

Darius—Here, Evelyn, glad you're alone for a minute. Got something for you. It's wine. Noticed you was getting paler, afraid you'd break down, so I went to the cellar and dug it up; father buried this bottle day I was born. Ought to be good, it's old enough.

Evelyn—Oh! Why did you open it?

Darius—Only wine there was in the house.

Evelyn—It shouldn't have been opened until your wedding-day.

Darius—Might spile if I waited till then. Go ahead! an' I'll drink with you. Jest a little toast—we two—to your happiness.

Evelyn—And yours. (Drinks.)

Darius—Everything passed off splendid, hasn't it?

Evelyn—Splendid!

Darius—Amy done most of it; she fixed the flowers and just about run things generally. Now, when you're away on your weddin' trip, I don't want you to worry about Roy.

Evelyn—You'll keep him safe until I come back, I know.

Darius—Till you come back! You won't take him away then, will you, Evelyn? You'll let him stay here a good part o' the time, an' you'll come over yourself sometimes, won't you?

Evelyn (Bus.)

Darius—It won't make any difference about your bein' married. I'm you're guardian, you know; an' if trouble ever comes and you need a friend, an' well, you know Darius.

Evelyn—(Bus.)

Darius—Evelyn, s'pose it's about time to begin callin' you Mrs. Woodford.

Evelyn—Always Evelyn to you.

Darius—Glad you're leaving Roy with me. Don't feel as if I could let you go, both of you to once't. Guess I'll put this out o' sight, too precious to pass round promiscuously. (Bus. Puts bottle of wine out of sight.)

Darius—No more tears now. (Laugh off stage.) There shouldn't be nothin' but smiles on your weddin'-day.

Voices off stage calling—Oh, Darius! Where's Darius? (Bus. Exit up stage. Evelyn buries her face in roses.)

Enter Miss Bassett from kitchen.

Miss B.—So. It's all over an' you're Mrs. Woodford. Well, I hope you'll be real happy, Evelyn. You've done well. (Bus. Attempts to kiss her.)

Evelyn (avoids kiss)—Thank you.

Miss B.—There's one thing sure, you won't want for nothin' that money can buy. It's plain to be seen that Alan Woodford just worships you. But I hope you ain't goin' to ferget what you owe Darius.

Evelyn—Mr. Woodford understands. I shall be able to return the money to Darius to-day.

Miss B.—But it ain't only money that Darius paid out for you. It's his land.

Evelyn—His land?

Miss B.—Why, Darius gave Alan the hull piece of woodland and pasture for the money that took you and Roy to Boston.

Evelyn—You are sure of that?

Miss B.—He told me so. I knew he wouldn't let on to you, an' you ought to know, fer it's worth a lot more than Alan paid fer it, an' besides, it breaks up the farm. Fact is, it's about all the good land Darius had got.

Enter Woodford.

Woodford—Evelyn!

Miss B.—Don't forget that you've got to change your dress, Evelyn, an' catch the three o'clock train. (Exit.)

Woodford—I haven't had a full look at you yet in your bridal finery. Your dress becomes you.

Evelyn—It belonged to Darius' mother.

Woodford—Hm! Well, it's about time for you to change

it for your traveling dress. (Bus.) Miss Bassett was right, we haven't a great deal of time.

Evelyn—Wait, haven't you forgotten something? (He looks at her questioningly.) The wedding gift you promised me?

Woodford—You have them on. (Refers to jewels.)

Evelyn—Oh! these. Yes, they're very beautiful. But have you forgotten your promise to pay Darius?

Woodford—Oh! For the moment it slipped me. I'm glad you reminded me, but there's no hurry. I'll attend to it—later.

Evelyn—Oh, no—that will not do. I want to pay it now.

Woodford—Oh, if you insist, only it seems to me you are in needless haste. A day or two couldn't make any material difference. (Writing check.) There, now you are free of any obligation to him. (Hands her check.)

Evelyn (reads check)—Five hundred dollars. I'm afraid you did not understand me.

Woodford—What's the matter? Isn't it right?

Evelyn—It isn't money at all; it is land.

Woodford—Land! You don't mean—

Evelyn—I mean the land he sold you—you will give it back to him?

Woodford—I confess now, Evelyn, that I don't quite understand you.

Evelyn—That land belonged to his family for over a hundred years. He loved it; he'd have starved before he would have sold a foot of it for himself, and he sacrificed it for us, for Roy. I do not want this—it will not pay him. Keep your agreement with me, and give him back his land.

Woodford—You are exciting yourself unnecessarily, Evelyn. I bought the land and paid \$600 for it. The money Darius loaned you I am willing to pay, that was our arrangement, and a very fair one.

Evelyn—No, it is not. When I consented to be your wife you promised that on our wedding day you would pay Darius what it cost him to save Roy's eyes, and it cost him those acres of woodland and pasture. If he sold them to you I have bought them back again. I can't offer him this. I want the land, that was our bargain, Alan, and it must be kept.

Woodford—That's impossible, Evelyn. There are reasons. I may as well tell you what every one will soon know. That land holds a fortune for us. I say us—for now, what's mine is yours, too. There's marble on the land, and that's why I bought it.

Evelyn—Marble? Does Darius know it?

Woodford—Yes—no—I suppose so. He's owned it long enough.

Evelyn—if he does not know it, such a transaction is not a sale, it's a robbery.

Woodford—Evelyn!

Evelyn—Prove to me that I am wrong—give him what belongs to him. How could we live, you and I, year after year; how could we look into each other's eyes, seeing there the memory of this dishonor? I want to respect you, to feel that you are all that is manly and just,—upon the day that our new life begins give me the right to be proud of you, to trust you,—won't you, Alan?

Woodford—You are letting sentiment run away with you, Evelyn. I would do anything in reason for you, but you are asking the impossible.

Enter Darius.

Darius—Say, you folks'll miss your train.

Evelyn—Darius, when you sold the woodland and pasture did you know there was marble on it?

Darius—Marble? Why, no—I—Well, I don't know as I was sure of it.

Evelyn—Ah! You did not know it, and you—(Turns to Woodford.)

Woodford—I don't see how I'm to blame, if after buying a man's property I find it more valuable than he believed it to be.

Evelyn—After buying it—you never would have bought it if you hadn't known its value before.

Darius—Well, what's the difference? If Alan's made a good bargain, so much the better for him. It's all right—you needn't to worry about my side of it, Evelyn.

Evelyn—if you had been in his place, would you have done as he has done?

Darius—Well, you see, I wasn't in his place.

Evelyn—You know you would not. I know you would not.

Woodford—It's simply business, Evelyn.

Evelyn—It isn't honest; it isn't right.

Woodford—Ninety-nine men in a hundred would have done it.

Evelyn—I want my husband to be the one man who wouldn't.

Woodford—You're a woman; women don't understand business.

Evelyn—I don't want to understand it if that's the way men carry it on.

Woodford—Was it my place to tell Darius there was marble there?

Evelyn—Yes.

Woodford—No man would have done it. I saw a chance to drive a good bargain, and drove it.

Evelyn—Yes, but how? How? You drove it over my necessity. Darius never would have sold you the land if it hadn't been for Roy, would you, Darius?

Darius (refers to guests)—Careful, Evelyn, they'll hear you.

Evelyn—But that doesn't alter his agreement with me.

Woodford—I'm ready to keep that.

Evelyn—As I said?

Woodford—No; as I said. I'm master—

Evelyn—Take care.

Woodford—I'm master in these matters, I say!

Evelyn—Oh, if I'd only known this yesterday, if I'd only known it an hour ago.

Woodford—Well, if you had?

Evelyn—I would never have married you.

Woodford—Ah! (Pause.) You have tried my patience to its limit. (To Darius.) Here! this is to pay you what my wife thinks she owes you.

Darius—I lent the money to Evelyn; not to you—

Woodford—Well, I'm her husband now, and I pay it back.

Darius—I won't take it from no one but her.

Evelyn (snatches check)—And I'll never offer it to him. I have told you what I want. I will have that or nothing.

Woodford—Then it will be nothing.

Evelyn—if you persist in this treachery how can I ever trust you, how can I ever expect you to keep faith with me? Alan, do you want me to call you a thief?

Darius—Evelyn!

Woodford—Thief!

Evelyn—I know you don't mean to be one—you don't realize it—but that's what it make you. Think, Alan, our future lives hang upon this moment. They're coming, coming to bid us God-speed on our wedding journey. I will give you one more chance. I have fulfilled my share of our compact, for the last time, will you keep yours?

Woodford—For the last time—yes—in my way.

Evelyn—You won't give up the land?

Woodford—No!

Evelyn—Then when you leave this house you go alone.

Woodford—See here! You're not going to make a laughing-stock of me and yourself a by-word? Do you

think I'm going to let you remain here in his house; there's been gossip enough about you and Darius.

Darius—Hold on there, Alan.

Woodford—Don't you interfere, you've no right.

Darius—You give me the right when you talk that way.

Woodford—I'll talk as I like. This affair's between me and my wife.

Darius—I don't care. You shan't talk to her like that when I'm around.

Woodford—Oh, you're out of it now. (To Evelyn.) You swore to love.

Evelyn—Love!

Woodford—Honor—

Evelyn—Honor!

Woodford—And obey me.

Evelyn (laughs wildly, defiantly.)

Woodford—You're mine by law.

Evelyn—What do I care for law?

Woodford—When I leave this house you go with me.

Evelyn—I'll not go one step with you. Had you kept your word, I'd have given you a wife's devotion, even tho' I never could love you. Oh! now I know why I always shrank from you. You never loved me, you don't love me now. You love that marble, and there's no shame, no dishonor you wouldn't stoop to if you could profit by it.

Woodford—Well, you're my wife; you sold yourself to me, and you're mine.

Evelyn—Yours—your wife? If before men I have given you my word, before God I take it back. And now, if you were to offer ten times the price I set, I would refuse it. I am free—do you hear—free! Here, take them—Bus. Tears off jewels) take them. They are yours, but I belong to no man. I despise you. I will never live with you as your wife—never, never. (Bus.)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

Scene—Same as Act 1st. Autumn. Indian summer afternoon.

Discovered—Darius and Dodge.

Darius—You're turnin' the wrong way. You can't turn an' read. (Bus.) You was down to the store this mornin'?

Dodge—Yep!

Darius—Hear any talk?

Dodge—What about?

Darius—Evelyn!

Dodge—Heard Lem Yarrington say you'd better look out or Woodford 'd sue you.

Darius—Sue me for what?

Dodge—Fer alienatin' his wife's affections.

Darius—Lem Yarrington comes up here, I'll cut his ears off.

Dodge—Better look out. Lem carries a pistol.

Darius—Does Lem Yarrington carry a pistol?

Dodge—Yep!

Darius—We'll have to take the pistol away from Lem Yarrington.

Enter Mary Martin.

Mary—Good afternoon, Darius.

Darius—Afternoon, Mary.

Mary (confused and timid, hesitatingly)—Mother sent me over to know if—if—Mrs. Wood—if Evelyn—had changed her mind and made it up with Mr. Woodford.

Darius—Tell her no, and no prospects.

Mary—Well, I hope you won't get mad at me, Darius, but she made me come over. She, mother, wants to know what's to be done with all the wedding presents.

Darius—The wedding presents. Oh!

Mary—She—mother wants to know if you—if Evelyn—wouldn't rather she'd take back that toilet set she brought Evelyn.

Darius—'Course. Go right into the house an' Aunt Sarah'll give it to you. (Exit Mary house.)

Darius—Dodge, to-morrow mornin' you hitch up the buck-board an' cart those weddin' presents all back.

Dodge (stops turning)—Evelyn left Old Woodford?

Darius—Yep.

Dodge—For good?

Darius—For good.

Dodge—Good! (Turns grindstone.)

Enter Mary Martin from house with present.

Mary—I didn't want to come, but mother said she was afraid it might make Evelyn feel bad to see it around.

Darius—S'pose your mother don't approve of Evelyn's course?

Mary—I'm afraid not. (Backing up stage, C.)

Darius—'Course your mother never approves of anything if she can help it. What's your opinion?

Mary—I don't know, Darius. If I ever get a husband I'm afraid I'll have to cling to him. (Exit, C.)

Darius—Yer mother'll make ye. Say, will you turn that grindstone. Told you you couldn't turn an' read.

Dodge (hurts himself)—Oh! Damn!

Darius—Damn here!

Enter Amy in a huff, C.

Amy—Well, it's all off between the doctor and me.

Darius—What's the matter?

Amy—Oh! we had a scrap. He made me so mad. I don't want him ever to speak to me again. (Exits to L.)

Enter Doctor, C. Amy sees him.

Amy—Don't you speak to me—you—well—to go and take sides with this gossipy old town—take sides with Woodford against Evelyn.

Dr. (argumentatively)—Nothing of the kind. I simply said—

Amy—You said it's a wife's duty to go with her husband no matter what he does. Oh! it's all off between you and me.

Dr.—No, no. Amy I was only speaking figuratively.

Amy—Just let me catch you at any crooked work once, and see how quick I'll leave you, mister. Yes if we were married by fifty ministers. I think Evelyn's done just right to leave Woodford. He's a—swindler. Any way it's one woman's duty to stand by another against a man every time, right or wrong.

Dr.—But I only told you what people say.

Amy—You say, what people say, and then you talk as if you agreed with them.

Dr.—No, no! Now, I only said I thought if Evelyn could bring her mind to it, and a mutual understanding could be reached by her and Woodford—

Amy (paying no heed)—Is Evelyn in the house, Darius?

Dr. (following Amy up, she crossing to house.)—It would be best for all concerned—

Amy—Oh, you go fly a kite! (Exit, house.)

Dr.—Now, Darius, I was only arguing—

Darius—Never argue with your sweetheart; breaks up more matches than's made in heaven.

Dr.—She knows I'm Evelyn's friend. I don't want to quarrel with Amy.

Darius—'Twon't hurt; a good quarrel's the spice o' life—it's like lightnin', clears the atmosphere.

Enter Lem Yarrington, C.

Lem—Hello, Dari! How's the flyin' machine to-day? Broke it? Jest took a walk 'cross the marble yard. Hear the news? Syndicate from New York City wants to buy it. Woodford'll about turn fifty thousand dollars on that bit of landscape. Don't see how you're ever goin' to stand it, to live here and see 'em pull out that glitterin' fortune right under yer eyes, knowin' all the time yer might a' kept it yerself if you only be cute enough—gosh, it'd make me sea-sick. Who do you s'pose it was discovered the marble, and put Alan Woodford on to buy it. Why me! An' maybe I ain't a' goin' to stand in on the deal. Oh, let me alone! I'm out fer the stuff.

Darius—Wait, he'll get it.

Lem (coming down)—Say, Dari, that was a mighty cunnin' trick o' yours—you're a deep one, but it wouldn't go. I seen thro' your game an' put Alan on to you. You found out there was marble there after ye'd sold it, an' then got the girl to marry Alan to wheedle it out o' him; an' then ye' plotted to run off with his wife.

Darius (to Doc)—Let him go on if he thinks there's no hereafter.

Lem—Ye got his wife, but you didn't get the marble.

Darius—You get out! Get out o' my yard!

Lem—I'll get out when I get ready! This is a free country, an' I'll speak my mind! I hate ye, Darius Green—allurs hated you—hated ye when we was boys—ye allurs got ahead o' me—allurs was agin me in everything—never set my heart on anything in this town but ye allurs come in my way. Ye been settin' Leila Belle against me ever since I came home from Kansas—but she knows you now. Yer a disgrace to the community, livin' here with another man's wife. (Darius leaps on him. They clinch.)

Lem (as they are struggling)—Oh! that's yer move, is it? Could do it when we was boys, but I've growed since.

Darius—Give me that smart-weed, Dodge—that smart-weed dryin' there.

Lem—You let me up—let me—I'll murder you! Yer smotherin' me—yer chokin' me—ow!—wow!—wow!—

ow!—wow! I'm chokin, my face is on fire—my face is on fire!—

Darius—Here, soak yer head. (Douses his head in horse bucket.)

Lem (sputtering)—Oh! wow! Water makes it burn more! Doctor, doctor, put something on my face an' stop this hell fire that's consumin' me, or I'll go plumb crazy—

Darius—Go ahead, Doc, and charge him a bill fer it,—take him down to the wood-shed.

Lem—Yer didn't fight fair.

Darius—Never tackle a rooster on his own wood-pile.

Lem—Yer struck me when I was down.

Darius—Lem, you was puddin' fer me—a little hasty, but—

Lem—I'll get even with you for this, Darius Green—you wait! (Exit with Doc.)

Darius—Yes, I'll wait till you catch me alone.

Enter Amy.

Amy—What's the matter with Lem Yarrington?

Darius—Oh! he's got a sore head.

Amy—Did you do him?

Darius—He's did.

Amy—Darius, you're a daisy.

Darius—Oh! Daisy's got a yellow heart. But I'll tell you what you are for standin' by Evelyn—yer the tip-top blossom on the peach tree.

Enter Evelyn, house.

Evelyn—Has Roy come back from the post office yet?

Enter Roy, with little bag.

Roy—Here's the mail. There's one for sister, and one for Darius—(Amy, and none for me?)—and a paper for Dodge.

Dodge—My Sunday New York paper. (Takes it, goes up C, opens it.) Have some good readin' now.

Roy (to Dodge)—Let me look at the funny pictures.

Amy—What is it, Evelyn?

Evelyn—Another disappointment. I wrote my father's old partner, Mr. Grandon, asking him to help me find employment. I told him my story. His wife answers my letter (reads) "I should advise you to become reconciled to your husband."

Amy—If papa and mamma were only home.

Darius—Well she ain't goin' away from here till she finds the right place to go to. (Amy goes up, looks at papers with Roy.)

Darius—Now, go slow. Patience is a wonderful worker—now look. This hull burg's been pokin' fun at my flyin' machine. Here's another letter from the lightnin' automobile company. They bought my machine. Just one little trick in it they wanted—paid me three thousand dollars for it. (Shows money.)

Evelyn—And you've got the money. Oh! Darius! I'm so glad for your sake.

Darius—I'm glad you're glad.

Enter Miss Bassett, bonnet on.

Miss B.—Well!

Darius—Well?

Miss B.—Got my belongings all packed up an' I'm ready.

Darius—Ready for what?

Miss B.—To leave your house, Darius Green.

Darius—Haven't you had a good home here?

Miss B.—I ain't beholdin' to nobody for that.

Darius—Haven't I paid you your wages reg'lar for six years.

Miss B.—Well, I earned 'em. Wages. You couldn't pay me for what I've put up with from you an' that—

Darius—Better not say it, Sary.

Miss B.—You brought them two into the house to torment the life out o' me; an' when she did get a respectable man to marry her, she turns around an' brings a scandal on us.

Darius—You'd oughter pity her—she's a woman an' she's in trouble.

Miss B.—Well, whose fault is it? She's been workin' an' schemin' for three years to drive me away from here an' now she's done it. I'm goin'. Have you thought what folks'll say about your livin' here alone with a married woman. I was right (to Evelyn) when I told you why ye didn't want to marry Alan Woodford.

Darius—Well, why didn't she want to marry him?

Miss B.—Because she wanted to marry you. But I've got one satisfaction. She can't marry you now. You might a had that Robinson girl an' all her money if you'd been smart. I wouldn't have stood in your way there, but I wa'n't agoin' to stand by an' see you marry that pauper. I told her she'd ruined you. I told her you loved Amy Robinson, an' that's why she married Alan Woodford. I'm done with both of ye. But you (to Evelyn) won't forget me in a hurry, I've left my mark on you. (Exit, house.)

Darius (quietly looking after)—Sary Jane Bassett you're a hell cat. Evelyn!

Evelyn—She drove me to it.

Darius—An' ye never would have married Woodford?

Evelyn—Never, only to pay you back the money, so that you might marry Amy. They all said you loved her.

Darius—Darn their meddlin' hearts. Why, I never dreamed o' such a thing.

Evelyn—Never cared for Amy? Why you told me—

Darius—I told you I loved someone. You guessed it was Amy, but you guessed wrong. (Deep meaning.)

Evelyn (looks at him)—Oh! Darius! Darius!

Darius—You're guessin' right now. Don't, Evelyn—don't. Love ain't a thing to be ashamed of. I don't see how all this could happen. We took to each other so natural from the start. Only two years since ye come here—seems like I'd knowed you always. Maybe that's the way with everybody when he takes a shine to a girl. Sometimes I thought you was beginning to care for me too, but I was afraid to speak—'fraid I might drive you away. So I waited an' waited, happy just seein' ye around. When you was gone to Boston with Roy the hull place was empty—darn their meddlin' hearts. An' now—now—ye see—more'n ever I can't let you go.

Evelyn (crosses into house)—Now more than ever I must go. I must. I'm his wife, Darius—his wife. (Exit.)

Darius—His wife! Darn their meddlin' hearts.

Amy (comes down)—Say, Darius, do you know what I'd do if I was you?

Darius—What?

Amy—Have Evelyn get a divorce and marry her yourself.

Darius—Woodford 'll fight it. She ain't got any grounds.

Amy—Did you ever hear of Dakota? (Exit, house.)

Darius—Dodge, come here. What you doin'?

Dodge—Readin' the Sunday paper.

Darius—What do you find so darned interestin' in these yaller journals?

Dodge—Crime.

Darius—You go in an' help Sary down-stairs with her trunks and band-boxes, an' traps.

Dodge—Sary goin' away?

Darius—Yep.

Dodge—For good?

Darius—For good.

Dodge—Good! (Exit, house.)

Darius (reads)—“The man who wrecked a town.”

Enter Uncle Mathew. Goes to pump, gets drink.

Uncle M. (as he pumps)—How d'ye, Darius.

Darius—How d'ye, Uncle Mathew.

Uncle M.—Seen the minister?

Darius—No.

Uncle M.—Hed a runaway.

Darius—Anybody hurt?

Uncle M.—Broke the hull new top o' his buggy to smash—tore the harness, tore Mrs. Emmons' dress. Just passed 'em comin' down the road. She was jest layin' down everlastin' punishment to him! Lord how I laughed—thought I'd pass right off. (Uncle Mathew drinks. Darius reads on.) Say, Darius, hear about Woodford?

Darius—No.

Uncle M.—Sold out the tannery an' the saw mill.

Darius—No?

Uncle M.—An' most all his land. Guess he's raisin' money to work your marble land. Darn him. (Drinks.) Evelyn going back to him?

Darius—No.

Uncle M.—I glory in her spunk. I got no use for Woodford. Cheated me out o' seven dollars once.

Darius—Ever see anybody looked like that?

Uncle M.—Um! Tolerable likeness o' Alan Woodford when he was younger.

Darius—Before he went out West?

Uncle M.—Yes. (Bus. Uncle M. goes up, C.)

Enter Leila Belle, C.

Leila Belle—Is Miss Bassett in? I've come over to help her pack up. She's comin' to our house for a spell. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Darius Green, to turn your poor old aunt away.

Darius—Now, Leila Belle.

Leila Belle—Miss Bird, if you please, Mr. Green.

Darius—How long since?

Leila Belle—Ever since I became the fiancé of Mr. Lemuel Yarrington.

Darius—Oh, you are engaged to Lem Yarrington. You have my commiseration.

Leila Belle—There's my diamond engagement ring.

Darius—See it sparkle! Never knew Lem had money to blow in on diamonds.

Leila Belle—He can buy an' sell you, Darius Green. Lem's rich.

Darius—Who says so?

Leila Belle—I guess I know.

Darius—So do I. He ain't got a nickel, only what Woodford doles out to him.

Leila Belle—No such a thing. He owns an interest in

everything Woodford's got—he's a silent partner—he's—
(stops suddenly)—none o' your business.

Darius—All right.

Leila Belle—S'pose Mrs. Woodford is still here. But she won't be able to stay much longer, now yer aunt's goin'. The town won't stand it. (Exit house.)

Darius—There's one o' the town in the wood-shed, now. Say, Uncle Mathew, wa'n't Lem Yarrington out West about the same time with Alan Woodford?

Uncle M. (up C.)—Believe he was.

Darius—Wonder if they didn't run across each other out there?

Uncle M.—'Pears to me they did. (Darius gets into flyin' machine.)

Roy—Darius! Darius! (enters.)

Darius—Run into the house an' tell sister I'll be right back.

Roy—Where you going?

Darius—Oh! just over to Squire Dean's to look up a point o' law. (Exit Darius, on flyin' machine.)

Enter Mrs. Emmons, C., followed by Mr. Emmons.

Mrs. E.—What did I tell you? What did I tell you? I've told ye over and over again that horse would run away with us some day. I said so afore we started out fer that drive this afternoon, but you would go; but they aint no use o' talkin' to sich a headstrong critter as you be.

Mr. E.—Now, Marthy, I don't see what you're makin' all this fuss for; it wasn't me that run away.

Mrs. E.—That ain't no comfort. Look at my bonnet, an' the gathers all tore out o' my skirt. An' that brand-new top you just put on yer buggy.

Mr. E.—I wonder what became of that horse.

Mrs. E.—I hope he's run on into the next county. Serves ye right; a minister o' the gospel ain't got no right a-yieldin' to the vanities of the flesh an' drivin' fast horses.

Mr. E.—Fast horses! I never s'posed anything short o' Gabriel's trumpet would ever start old Ebenezer into a run.

Mrs. E.—Enos, I don't care how mad you be, you oughtn't to forget your callin' an' indulge in profanity.

Mr. E.—Marthy Flint Emmons, be you insane.

Mrs. E.—Wonder I ain't, Enos Emmons, after puttin' up with your temper these thirty years.

Mr. E.—Heavenly Day! Marthy, I ain't opened my head. It's you that's been sayin'—

Mrs. E.—That's right! That's right! You'll say I made that horse run away, next.

Mr. E.—Well, who was it grabbed the reins and run him into the fence, an' then screeched like kingdom come—

Mrs. E.—If it hadn't been fer me a grabbin' the reins, we'd a' been over the side o' the road a welterin' in our gore by now—

Mr. E.—Oh! woman, woman! the Lord help you fer a fool—

Mrs. E.—He helped me to one when he helped me to you. (Goes into house.)

Mr. E.—Martha's excited.

Mr. E.—Evelyn! (Enter Evelyn.)

Evelyn—Oh! Mr. Emmons!

Mr. E.—So you are quite determined not to be reconciled to your husband?

Evelyn—Quite! I am sorry if I seem hard and unforgiving to you, but, indeed, I am trying to do right. (Bus. Music.)

Woodford enters, C.

Mr. E.—I'm an old man, Evelyn, and it's hard for me to read the old laws by a new light. But I can't believe your pure heart will lead you far astray. Do as seems good to you and the Lord bless and hold you in his keeping. (Exit house. Woodford comes down. Evelyn meets him.)

Woodford—Evelyn! (Bus.) Don't shrink from me. Evelyn, when are you going to end this folly. Haven't you made me suffer enough?

Evelyn—I don't want you to suffer. I only want—never to see you again.

Woodford—Evelyn, I love you—what is all the wealth in the world to me without you. I will do anything you ask.

Evelyn—It is too late! Don't you see, I could never trust you.

Woodford—I was hasty. I didn't mean all I said. I thought I was right. But I see now I was wrong. I'm ready to keep my word to the letter. I'll give back the land—to-day—now.

Evelyn—Even for that—it is too late.

Woodford (furiously)—And you think you're going to fling me off like this? You're my wife. I'll hold you as long as you live. You needn't think you'll ever get a divorce. I'll fight you with my last dollar—

Enter Mr. Emmons, et al., on porch. Enter Darius Mr. Emmons, I call you all to witness that I made effort to effect a reconciliation with my wife. I've offered to give Darius Green this deed—(displays deed)—to that land with the marble on it.

Darius—Darius Green don't want the land at the figure mentioned, an' your offer would sound more liberal, Alan, if you hadn't discovered that the marble in that land wa'n't no good.

Mr. Emmons—No good. (General exclamation.)

Darius—He tried to sell it, but the test o' the expert showed that they wa'n't enough good marble there for a small boy to play with.

Woodford—Well, I've offered the land. You love it, you say.

Darius—Yep. I'm ready to pay cash fer it.

Woodford—Your money can't buy it. I'll sell to her only.

Darius—What do you want her for. She don't love you. Never did—never can.

Woodford—She would only for you. In some parts of the country they shoot men who come between husband and wife.

Darius—Out West, mebbe. In Kansas, say—Prairie Vale, Kansas. Ever hear tell o' that place? Sit down. I want to tell you a story about a cityzen o' Prairie Vale. (Bus.) You better stay—it's interesting. This is the story of a man—a cold, calculatin', selfish, unprincipled rascal of otherwise unimpeachable character. A man who loved money more than anything in the world—more even than he could love a woman. Enjoy his acquaintance, Alan? Wait. I'll introduce you. This man's love for money was always gettin' him into trouble. When he was a young feller he borrowed some money from his father without askin', and left home; got mixed up in some crooked deal in Chicago an' had to leave the town. He changed his name an' turned up late in the 80's in the rising City of Prairie Vale, Kansas. (Bus.) Well, sir, that feller roped the whole community of Prairie Vale into a swindlin' scheme. You've heard o' fellers breakin' banks—why, he broke the town! Then he skipped, but they got him, sentenced him to the penitentiary. Gave him ten years, but he got out. Escaped an' covered his tracks. He went back to his old home—a village in the Adirondacks. Brought money with him too—some o' the stolen money he'd salted away—took his own name again, and with the confidence o' his boyhood friends proceeded to cheat his neighbors and get rich; and then—and this was his worst crime. This escaped convict married an innocent, trusting girl. Said he loved her, but he lied. If he'd loved her he'd never linked her life to his, knowing that any day the arm o' the law might seize him an' crush her heart.

Woodford (breaking)—Where'd you get all this?

Enter Lem, followed by Doctor, R.

Darius—You'd ought to guess.

Woodford (turns fiercely on Lem)—Damn you! I knew you'd do it. I knew you'd blab with that old woman's jaw of yours.

Lem (astounded)—What in thunderation—

Darius—Lem ain't said anything. Read it all in a New York Sunday paper. You know they got a great idea o' publishin' sich stories. I wa'n't sure it was you, but now you've admitted it. See, there's your picture!

Woodford (recovering)—Oh! you'll have to prove it.

Darius—The sheriff o' this county will telegraph the authorities o' the State of Kansas to-night. In twenty-four hours there'll be a requisition here for your arrest.

Woodford—Meantime, I'm free. I'll sell everything.

Darius—I'll give you six hundred dollars for that deed to the woodland and pasture.

Woodford—You've had no mercy on me. (Bus.)

Darius—Well, Alan, you gave me the marble heart.

Lem—I wa'n't in on his game. I just happened to be out in Kansas an' knew about it. Can't arrest me.

Darius—Can't they? You've been shieldin' a felon. They'll be after you, too. Course, if you both skip to Canada, I can't stop you now.

Lem—Alan, yer a darn fool.

Leila Belle (comes down)—Lem Yarrington, our engagement is broke off. (Goes up C.)

Lem (following her)—Here, give me back my diamond ring!

Leila Belle—No, sir; you gave it to me and I'm going to keep it. (Exit.)

Lem—Gol darn ye. (Exit.)

Darius—Been flyin' high, Lem, but ye lit hard.

Mr. E.—Evelyn is going home with us to-night.

Miss B.—No, she needn't to. I'm willin' to stay now—

Darius—I ain't willin' to have you. Don't bear you any malice, but this ain't your home no more.

Miss B. (going up C)—Huh! Well, guess I won't go to the poor house. You'll miss my cookin'. You'll wish me back. There'll be relentings.

Darius—Nary a relent. (Exit Sarah B.)

Amy—Oh! doctor, isn't this lovely—(All exit but Evelyn and Woodford, who has gone up C.)

Woodford (to Evelyn)—Well, you're my wife still. (Exit.)

Darius—Don't worry, Evelyn. Any court will declare

your marriage void. You'll be free in a little while, an' we can wait.

Enter Dodge, goes to pump, with pail.

Evelyn—Good-night, Darius. (At C.)

Darius—Good-night, Evelyn. (At C.)

Dodge—Evelyn gone?

Darius—Yes, but she's comin' back.

CURTAIN.





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